

Twentieth Year---June 15, 1912

Los Angeles, California---Price Ten Cents

# The GRAPHIC



## WOMEN WHO WALK APART

By EDITH DALEY

Breathe a prayer, O ye women who walk apart,  
In the way that is straight and true;  
Breathe a prayer for the souls of the women outcast  
Because of the things they do.  
O ye, who are clasping close to your hearts  
The flowers of Love and Trust,  
Turn aside for a moment and say a prayer  
For these women bowed down in the dust  
Of the broad highway that leads to death.  
Around them are venomous things,  
Where never a whisper of Love is heard,  
And memory burns and stings.  
They were even as you at the start of Life,  
Fairer, more richly endowed,  
Look now, how they rise but to fall again,  
Their garment of Hope a shroud!  
Ye women who know not such terms as men  
And primitive passion's sway---  
Turn aside for a moment to throw to them  
The sop of your pity, I pray!  
Hug to your bosoms your prattling babes---  
But know that the least you can do,  
Is to thank your God in Heaven above  
That temptation has passed by you!

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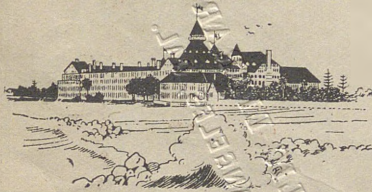
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# THE GRAPHIC

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TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



## BAD ADVICE TO CALIFORNIA DELEGATION

CALIFORNIA'S delegates to the Republican national convention are called upon by Governor Hiram Johnson's personal organ in Los Angeles, The Tribune, to bolt the convention and unite with delegates from other states to found a third party if Theodore Roosevelt is not nominated. It is distinctly averred that the issue is not susceptible of compromise. Either Mr. Roosevelt or a new "progressive" party is the demand. Apparently, the convention is not to be allowed to exercise its judgment. If it repudiates Taft it must accept Roosevelt or face a split in the party.

This is carrying partisanship beyond the limits of anything previously attempted by the dethroned bosses and is an utterly untenable position to assume. Taft was a defeated man in the eyes of the country long before Theodore Roosevelt shied his hat into the ring. He has been out of the running ever since he signed the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, save as the bosses have sought to perpetuate his administration. A lovable personality but a poor executive he has been mentally rejected for a second term long prior to the declarations of the Republican states whose primary elections emphasized publicly what the country had privately decided.

We decline to accept the ipse dixit that Roosevelt is the only alternative. He has been the means to an end—the repudiation of Taft—but it does not follow that he is the sole and only candidate to be considered by the convention. There are others, several of them, Messrs. La Follette, Cummins, and Hughes. We eliminate Senator Root because he is of the same political stripe as Taft, but such branding does not extend to Mr. Justice Hughes, who is eminently qualified by educational ability, executive experience and progressive instincts to lead his party to victory next fall. It is true that Mr. Hughes is not an avowed candidate—he prefers to remain on the bench—but he holds it to be the duty of every American citizen to waive his personal preferences and respond to his party call when his services are unanimously demanded by so representative a gathering as a national convention.

It is monstrous to say that if so tried and true a Republican leader is named by the convention the Roosevelt delegates are justified in annulling their allegiance to the party. Such action would not be indorsed by California Republicans, many of whom voted for Roosevelt merely as a protest against Taft and his mistakes. Compromises are always in order and always the resort of wise and tolerant leaders. To reject Justice Hughes because a minority demanded Roosevelt or nobody would be equivalent to the attitude of a small boy who wouldn't play unless he could have his own way in everything. If

the California delegation shall so far forget what is due to the sovereign people as to desert the party to which it was sent as envoy, the result will be anything but favorable to the Roosevelt cause in this state, always providing Taft is not the alternative.

## PLOTS AND COUNTER PLOTS AT CHICAGO

SACRIFICE Taft, but crush Theodore Roosevelt is to be the rallying cry of the Old Guard at Chicago. This is accepting what circumstances have forced upon the anti-Rooseveltters in the first instance, but whether or not the colonel will allow himself to be crushed is not demonstrable. It is easier said than done. For the sake of party triumph both contestants should be eliminated, but if Senator Root is to be the programmed legatee of the fused convention better Roosevelt with all his erratic radicalism, than the brilliant but uncompromising corporation lawyer.

Mr. Barnes of New York is now on the ground lining up the delegates as they arrive and instilling into them the necessity for defeating Roosevelt at any cost. He may get a hatfull of promises, but when the psychological moment arrives for the convention to declare for the colonel we look to see a wild stampede in his direction that will take cleverer political vaqueros than Barnes and McKinley to hold the bunch. Root will not attract the uninstructed delegates so certainly as would Hughes who is a far stronger personality to the country at large than the New York senator. Perhaps the associate justice is being held in reserve in case this sentiment becomes strikingly apparent.

It is now evident that the fight of the Roosevelt forces will begin with the roll call on temporary organization when the supreme effort to reject the chairman chosen by the national committee will be made. To this end the energies of the colonel's lieutenants are now being directed. If successful, it means that Roosevelt will be nominated on the first ballot; if the revolt fails it does not necessarily mean the naming of Taft, but rather the control of the convention by the anti-Rooseveltters and the probable selection of a dark horse. It is likely that the La Follette and Cummins following will coalesce with the Roosevelt forces in the attempt to displace Root. It will be a stubborn fight, all the more exciting because of its uncertainty.

## IF HUGHES IS THE NOMINEE

ONLY in the event of the forcing of Taft's nomination by a convention through whose unfairly seated delegates control is vested will a bolt by the Roosevelt forces be regarded with complacency by those inimical to a second term for the President. If, however, Mr. Taft is retired and a third candidate is named, in every way acceptable to the country as a Republican of approved merit, we can see no possible excuse for such threatened defection and the twenty-six delegates from this state in that event will have no warrant from the people in bolting. If the convention does its duty it will eliminate both Taft and Roosevelt. In order to triumph in November, this is the only chance for the party.

What is happening at Chicago has been foreshadowed in these columns. We have repeatedly alluded to the inevitable bitternesses of the conflicting forces and argued the necessity of a harmony candidate. Save for the filching of the two California delegates on a technicality and the seating of the two Taft men in the Ninth Alabama district the contests have been settled in accordance with our carefully prepared table. It is not unexpected to find the national convention deciding as it has done; the element of surprise would have come had it determined

otherwise. These four votes will make no appreciable difference in the result. Until Texas and Washington are reached and the decisions in these palpably anti-Taft states announced the pro-Roosevelt followers have no occasion to get hysterical.

All that has transpired to date is confirmation of our early expressed belief that the party is being sacrificed to further the ambitions of two selfish leaders. Mr. Taft has no claim on the Republican nomination that the convention is bound to recognize; his administration has been a failure in the main. As for Roosevelt he represents a radical wing of the party, whose numerical strength is greatly augmented by the support of anti-Taft Republicans. The positive voice heard in the big Republican states is not a unit cry for the colonel; blended with it is the protest of that large portion of the party displeased with Mr. Taft's course in regard to the tariff.

This being true Mr. Roosevelt is likely to find his apparent following sensibly diminished in case he carries his candidacy to the polls. As a means of protest he has served a purpose, but his mission ends with Taft's elimination. If Mr. Hughes is the nominee there will be no excuse for a Roosevelt rump convention, since the able New Yorker will be eminently satisfactory to thousands of voters who indorsed Roosevelt delegates at the primaries. Before a bolt is definitively planned let the work of the convention be considered in its entirety. Roosevelt is not the only leader in the country entitled to consideration.

## ROBBED OF TWO DELEGATES

ALTHOUGH California's primary law definitively declares that all delegates must be elected by the state at large and in pursuance of that law the Roosevelt delegates were selected by a vote nearly 75,000 in excess of that accorded the Taft candidates the national committee, on a technicality, has rejected two of these state-wide elected delegates and given their seats to the two Taft men who claimed to have been elected in the Fourth congressional district.

By a vote of 37 to 16 the national committee decided that Messrs. E. H. Tyron and Morris Meyer, Jr., of San Francisco are entitled to recognition on the ground that the call for the Republican national convention provides that in no state shall an election be held so as to prevent delegates from any congressional district and their alternates from being selected. It is claimed that the Republican electors of the Fourth California district gave the Taft ticket the preference by a few hundred votes in spite of the statement that the boundaries of the district were not clearly defined in the election and that a portion of another district overlapped. The committee, as in cases elsewhere, refused to go back of the returns and declared in favor of the Taft delegates.

Of course, the question is in the right of the state to elect its delegates in its own way. The call for the convention is stupidly worded. In the first clause it distinctly states that delegates and alternates may be elected in conformity with the laws in the state in which the election is held; in the next breath it contravenes that volition by a rider which says, practically, "providing the state law does as we direct." Possibly, the Republican national committee has the technical right to dictate how delegates shall be chosen, but if the expressed wishes of a state are to be ignored and overridden, in a manner certain to result in friction and inharmony, then the national convention is derelict in its duty which, clearly, is to do all in its power to strengthen the party and not to disrupt it. Aside from the question of California's right to choose her own delegates in her own way the national committee has committed a most unwise



act in voting to filch from the state two Roosevelt delegates, elected by 75,000 majority, to give them to Mr. Taft, who, as Mr. Heney significantly declares, is the beneficiary of stolen goods.

It must be patent, however, that the California primary law will have to be amended at the next session of the legislature, making it mandatory on every candidate to sign an agreement to abide by the state-wide vote in conformity with the primary law. The last half of section 6 which reads "failure to include such statement shall not be a valid ground on the part of the secretary of state for refusal to receive and file his nomination paper or papers" is faulty, and provided the loophole through which two delegates have crawled into seats to which they were not fairly entitled.

#### GOVERNOR JOHNSON'S CULPABILITY

**M**URDERS are markedly on the increase in California. From the bay cities in the north, from San Diego, from Los Angeles, from Riverside homicides are reported with victims in ones and twos, the crimes sordid, brutal or vindictive as the cases range. Nor is this increase at all strange. Capital punishment, although still on the statute books, has been arbitrarily abrogated by a governor who has been induced to reprieve wanton murderers time and again until the day of execution for them has become a standing joke in the penitentiary where they are under sentence of death, several of them, for upward of four years.

Why is justice not administered? Because we have a governor who is so obsessed, politically, with personal ambitions that he is loth to let the law take its course so long as two of his chief newspaper backers—in San Francisco and Los Angeles—are clamoring for the abolishment of capital punishment, and fill their respective sheets with maudlin editorials about the un-Christianlike procedure of taking a life legally when that life might be tenderly nurtured by the state—to be eventually turned loose to commit another crime equally as infamous if the homicidal mania recurs. Read the charge of Judge Densmore at Riverside recently in sentencing to death the murderer Bauerearts, guilty of a double crime, the killing of two women. In pronouncing sentence, the trial judge said in part:

You have been convicted of the most dastardly crime that has ever come before the criminal court of this county, and with few parallels in this state. The jury has said that you assassinated Harriet Guyot, a woman who trusted you, and who as your companion traveled with you from Portland, Or., to a remote portion of this county, and to her death. You shot her to death as she lay asleep and, as showing the abandoned nature of your heart, and as a part of the same fearful transaction, you blotted out the young life of her traveling companion, for whose death you will never be tried. You buried their bodies in the desert sands, removed as far as you could the evidence of your guilt and were escaping into another state and beyond the jurisdiction of this court when you were apprehended by the officers of the law. And then, if this were not sufficient, you swore to a story on the witness stand in this court that was calculated to send another man to the gallows for your crime. The verdict of the jury in your case carries with it the extreme penalty known to the law. The court has no option but to declare the sentence fixed by the jury. Your death cannot restore the life of the murdered woman, and it is only because you are a dangerous member of human society and because your example may deter others from committing like offenses that the vengeance of the law declares your life forfeit.

Judge Densmore and the jury that brought in the verdict of guilty have done their duty in helping to protect the commonwealth; it remains now for Governor Johnson to interfere with the law's course just as he has interfered repeatedly in other capital cases fully as repugnant as this one, quite as devoid of the elements of palliating grace. Wednesday of this week he reprieved a murderer sentenced to hang four years ago last April, thereby extending the criminal's life as he has several times before done. A wife murderer whose life was forfeited to the law four years ago in August was given similar leniency and the scoundrel who killed his wife at Santa Monica two years ago because she refused to yield her body to his drunken companion is likewise mollycoddled.

Now comes the double assassin Bauerearts to taste

of the executive's good cheer, to be told, practically, that the jury and the judge were cruel and that a governor, under political bondage to a brace of weak-minded publishers, will render the law farcical and, by so doing, further encourage crime. There is a limit to the people's patience and, if we are not mistaken, it is nearly reached in this respect. It may take a few more murders fully to arouse the state to the folly of the executive's course, but we look for a sharp protest from the bar associations north and south, from laymen and from the bench before long that will, perhaps, result in bringing Governor Johnson to his senses and in convincing him of the terrible wrong he is inflicting upon the commonwealth.

#### MAYOR ALEXANDER'S QUEER MOVE

**F**Riction between the Los Angeles Harbor Commission and the Board of Public Works, which has been known to exist for many months, to the detriment of the public service, has reached a crisis with Mayor Alexander declining to accept any suggestions from disinterested citizens. His arrogant announcement that he would settle the difficulties in his own way and without interference has been followed by a singular procedure. Preferring no reason for his action he has demanded the resignation of the president of the public service board, merely stating that his "inactivity" marked him for retirement.

This is to ignore the alleged pernicious activity of Commissioner Humphreys, a hold-over appointee of former Mayor Harper, said to have been the choice of Walter Parker, the dethroned political poo-bah of Los Angeles. The Tribune is found intimating that for several years Humphrey has been the one man chiefly responsible for delays in harbor and street work, whenever such happened to conflict with the railroad corporation interests, and the insinuation is made that Humphreys is, and has been over-friendly with the corporation served by his sponsor, Walter Parker. Yet he is retained in office by the mayor, while President Hubbard, who has always worked harmoniously with his other associates on the board, is offered up for vicarious sacrifice—the only victim.

What are outsiders to infer from the Tribune's innuendoes? That Mayor Alexander is a whited sepulcher? That the reform-mayor has a secret understanding with the corporations he is so fond of aspersing? Perish the thought! But if not why does he select the inoffensive, conscientious, duty-performing Hubbard for dismissal and not include the one commissioner said to have been mainly responsible for the numerous dilatory tactics about which the mayor pretends to chafe? Truly, it is a queer proceeding and, apparently, one that justifies the Tribune's insinuations. It begins to look as if the Municipal League, so long quiescent, needed to take on a new lease of life and do a little private probing. We suggest that Messrs. Koepfli, Willard, et al., get busy without delay.

#### RUEF'S PERNICIOUS PAROLE CLAQUERS

**E**VIDENTLY, the Abe Ruef Freedom Committee is well-fortified with funds—everybody knows their tainted origin—in the prosecution of the parole movement which has been so persistently advocated by a retinue of Ruef claquers, headed by the editor of a San Francisco evening paper. In the effort to create favorable sentiment to the parole plan newspaper articles, brochures, and other printed matter have been widely disseminated in the state, everybody having the slightest influence in his own community receiving these pro-Ruef appeals.

Chief stress is laid on the fact that of all the San Francisco scamps under indictment for crooked work Ruef is the only one to receive punishment. It is not argued that he is not guilty as charged; the contention is that the court rulings in his case were not so favorable as in others similarly affected and that he is the sole sufferer. On this ground he assumes to say that he is unjustly treated or, rather, invidiously punished, hence public sentiment should incline kindly toward his parole application.

In reply to this The Graphic repeats what we

have previously set forth that justice, for once, made a bullseye shot. Ruef was the brains of the blackmailing crowd that held up the San Francisco quasi-public corporations; he was the deus ex machina who set the wheels in motion, that ground out the golden milling. He planned what the smaller fry executed. He directed and the other merely obeyed. He was the arch debaucher of civic morals in the northern city for years, accumulating in his illicit practices a fortune estimated at close to a million dollars. A goodly portion of these dishonest accumulations he sacrificed in the effort to keep out of jail; a part is now being expended to get out of the penitentiary, but enough remains to make the little scoundrel comfortable for life.

We are pleased to note that Judge William P. Lawlor refused to be a party to the conspiring coterie planning Ruef's release. The sentencing jurist declined to sign the petition stating that he was not in sympathy with the application for parole, believing the time had not yet arrived to favor such a movement. He realizes that a prisoner guilty of the crimes against society laid at Ruef's door, who has served only one-tenth of his term of imprisonment, is not entitled to much consideration. This is the view held by a large majority of the non-mollycoddles of the state who believe that a rich criminal should be shown no more leniency than a penniless culprit if a proper respect for justice is to be implanted in men's hearts. It seems to have found echo in the minds of the members of the State Prison Board, who promptly shelved the older petition.

#### GLANCE AT THE DEMOCRATIC SITUATION

**O**NE OF the arguments used to bolster up the Champ Clark presidential ambition is that if he is supplanted at Baltimore by Woodrow Wilson it will result in the defection of Hearst with his string of comics, a calamity not to be lightly regarded. These alarmists overlook the fact that Hearst would be doing nothing unusual in that event. He is notorious in California for his disloyalty to the leading Democrats of the state whom he could not mould to his selfish wishes and has been publicly denounced by reputable party warhorses as a traitor to the cause, a charge that is susceptible of the minutest proof.

We might ask these same timid Clark supporters what they expect will happen in case Mayor Gaynor is the choice of the convention, a contingency not at all unlikely? In his tersest and most vigorous English—and Mayor Gaynor wields a caustic pen at times—the able New Yorker has on several occasions exposed the Hearst pretenses and unmercifully flayed him for his posing proclivities. His scaring language cut the deeper because of the truths it enunciated, because the scoring was so well deserved. Is Mayor Gaynor also to be ignored because the impossible Hearst is likely to desert his banner for the opposition—Roosevelt, for example?

One of the weakest elements in the candidacy of Clark is the Hearst support. Aside from the fact that he is an ordinary politician, in nowise measuring up to presidential material, a clown in the campaign ring, is the menacing thought that he is a stalking horse for the more ambitious, far more insidious Hearst, who could manipulate the amiable speaker of the house about as he pleased. Does anybody think that such a nominee could attract many Republican votes? A less available candidate it were impossible to pick in the entire list of Democratic Barkises.

If Hughes should chance to be the leader of the Republicans a ticket headed by Mayor William J. Gaynor with Governor Marshall of Indiana as the vice-presidential running mate would prove particularly strong in the two doubtful states and this same reasoning applies in the event that Roosevelt should be chosen, although in that event popular belief seems to pick Bryan as the most likely adversary the Democrats could commission to take the field. However, as a real vote getter from the opposition Woodrow Wilson probably possesses more of the requisite component parts, mentally and temperamentally, than any of his rival aspirants to the nomination. He is the logical candidate, the strongest candidate, the one best qualified to appeal to the intelligence and com-



mon sense of the American electorate as most fitting to deserve their support in case radicalism is in the Republican saddle.

#### DETECTIVE BURNS' SARCASM

DETECTIVE W. J. Burns voiced in an interview Wednesday what many of us have been cogitating these last ten days, after pondering the printed reports of the Darrow bribery trial where Bert Franklin, witness for the prosecution, has been ruthlessly badgered. Said Mr. Burns: "I have been reading the accounts of the Darrow trial closely. I would judge from these publications that Franklin is on trial instead of Darrow."

With his customary perspicacity the famous detective has given utterance to a prevailing opinion, although veiled in sarcasm. The object of the hectoring of the principal witness against Darrow is to shift the onus from the alleged principal to the tool, now the informant, and to becloud the issue in the minds of the jurymen. It is a clever trick and perhaps may have its effect. There is no telling how the mind of the average juror works its duties to perform.

Of course, there is no need to waste sympathy on Franklin. He deserves all the gruelling he is getting; his own testimony proves that he was ready to do the bidding of his employer no matter how felonious it might be. A crime worse than that confessed by the McNamaras was sought to be committed—the debauching of jurors, an attack on the basic principle of justice and the courts—yet he was willing to be a party to it. When caught in the act he confessed and was given immunity on the promise that he reveal the instigator of the crime. Naturally, the effort is to impeach his testimony. To all conflicting statements he retorts "I was trying to save my principal!" Perhaps he was. The jury must decide how far he is telling the truth. We agree with Detective Burns, however, that although Franklin may appear to be on trial he is not the one in jeopardy.

#### GRAPHITES

There is music in the air of a most sulphurous kind, Which permeates the country in a manner unrefined; Chicago, famous for its scents, its odors if you will, Is giving out these noisy airs that all our senses grill.

Colonel Roosevelt has experienced a change of heart and has declared for woman suffrage. A plank to this effect is to be bolted into his Chicago platform at the regular or irregular convention.

San Diego is to have a woman candidate for mayor. Her platform will include a bachelor's tax and anti-race suicide. It is not yet announced what she has done for her country's census.

Washington's Millionaire Club received an important accession this week when Governor Oddie of Nevada named George Wingfield to fill the vacancy in the United States senate left by the late George S. Nixon. Wingfield is a twenty-millionaire.

Free lunchers to the rescue! A haughty oligarchy in the Los Angeles city council is about to pass an ordinance abolishing the saloon cuisine. Stein and pretzels, how men's traditional rights are being disregarded in this reform age!

If New York and Illinois get behind Mayor Gaynor, as promised, goodbye to Champ Clark's hopes. Woodrow Wilson might be able to overcome such handicap.

Arizona's promised industry of 20-round prize fights has been discouraged by Governor Hunt, who vetoed the fostering measure. New Mexico is thus enabled to monopolize this popular form of milling.

Roosevelt delegates in Pennsylvania and West Virginia through their spokesmen have issued a defection. If Taft is nominated they will still vote for Roosevelt, they declare, thus depriving the Republican candidate of the electoral votes of that state. A compromise candidate is the only way to save the party from dissolution.

Land's sakes! These school teachers are sadly in need of a vacation. Here's Mark Keppel, county superintendent of schools, relieving his tense feelings by calling a brother educationalist a liar in retaliation of as pleasing a compliment passed to him. It is high time the school adjourned.

Lillian Russell's new name, appropriately enough, is Moore.

## Modjeska in Arden: A Reminiscence

FROM Madame Helene Modjeska from her ranch in California a letter reached me at the Quadrangle Club in the University of Chicago, saying: "Come. Your room is ready. Mr. Bozenta (Count Bozenta, Madame Modjeska's husband,) will be at the station with the horses."

At that time Felix Bozenta Modjeska and Marylka Modjeska, Madame Modjeska's grandchildren, were studying the piano with me. Mr. Ralph Modjeska, the distinguished civil engineer and only son of Madame Modjeska, lived not far from the university, and it was while visiting at his home that this great artist, this remarkable woman, sat, on several occasions, through the piano lessons. It was then that a friendship began that will never be forgotten.

Soon after receiving the letter I crossed the continent and as I stepped off the train at El Toro, thirty-five miles south of Los Angeles, I found Count Bozenta waiting at the little station and holding tight to a prancing pair of fine horses. In a trice my luggage was slipped under the seat and we were off for a nine-mile drive over the mountains to the Modjeska ranch. Wild flowers, wild mustard, olive trees, orange trees, everything everywhere was drenched with California sunshine. The air was so pure, so permeated with delicate fragrance that I talked but little with Mr. Bozenta, I simply breathed deeply, silently, and heartily enjoyed everything about me. Not in Italy, nor in the Swiss Lakes, nor in Scotland did I breathe quite such air.

On we drove, up, down, around and through mountain ranches, and I had the pleasure of jumping from my seat to unlatch the various gates and then lock them again. At one particular gate we had a fine sweep of the adjacent mountain country: Santiago Canyon (the Modjeska-Bozenta Canyon) was at our feet. Mr. Bozenta, who was driving, now exclaimed: "I welcome you to our ranch. The ranch begins right here at the fence—fifteen hundred acres," and his hand described a semi-circle over a strangely picturesque country. The welcome was dramatic. Mr. Bozenta chose the psychological moment. The road led down, around graceful curves, past the Modjeska olive grove, on past the orange trees, to a jolly little brook; then we passed the stables, the conservatory, the swimming pool where Felix had such gay times, to his grandmother's delight. And lo, we entered the Forest of Arden. Here were the great live oaks. The trap rumbled a few yards farther on; we halted. Scarcely had we stopped, I was rising from my seat, when a woman, a queen from a classic painting hurried down the flowered path and with outstretched arms cried, "Welcome to our home." I shall never forget Madame Modjeska at that moment. For an instant I was transported in imagination to the Petit Trianon at Versailles. From that instant Helena Modjeska appeared to me in a new role.

Madame Modjeska, Mr. Bozenta and I entered the rambling, homelike, white house set up against the side of the canon. Back of the house rose a high mountain; in front were the mighty live oaks and under them at the farther ends of the house were the big playing fountains—still farther in front, the jolly brook babbled to itself and hurried down the canyon. In the house we passed through the music room with the grand piano; a large picture of Paderewski held the eye. Entering a bright airy chamber looking out onto the live oaks in front and the great fountains, Madame Modjeska said: "This is your room. Mr. Bozenta's and mine adjoin, so you will not be lonely."

We met at noon dinner. "I've prepared some of these Polish dishes myself. I thought you would like them," remarked my hostess.

After dinner we went to our respective rooms for a siesta. "At four o'clock we have coffee on the veranda, near the east fountain. Rest until then," were my orders.

At four o'clock I found Madame Modjeska sewing on the veranda. Mr. Bozenta was reading aloud and held a lighted cigarette.

"Did you sleep?" asked Madame Modjeska, putting down her sewing, adding, "Now we shall have coffee."

The Polish maid, who for many years had been Modjeska's handmaid in stage days, came with the steaming, fragrant mocha. I still remember the cream, it was so thick and good. After the coffee each of us smoked a Polish cigarette and then we started to explore the ranch. A step took us under the great live oaks of the Forest of Arden—and there was the Modjeska herself as guide, a sympathetic, sweet soul, who shared everything with a large heart. Helena Modjeska was a queen by the laws of

nature; regal, aristocratic, good beyond measure. When she plucked a rose from the rose garden at the edge of the live oaks you knew at once no ordinary woman could do it just that way. Nor could study alone develop such consummate sweet grace; yet there was no conscious action. Madame Modjeska was too genuine to play a part in private life; however, these sweet homely things that she did in private life transcended her greatest dramatic achievements. Helena Modjeska was even greater as the woman than as Helena Modjeska the artist.

"Now let us explore the canyon, it is called the Modjeska Canyon. Here is a stick; it will be my staff, for we shall have to step on stones to cross the brook," said my guide, picking up a stray stick and leading the way.

"Do you see our bee hives over there? We have plenty of honey." That same honey got me into trouble the next day, by the way, and Madame Modjeska and Mr. Bozenta had a good laugh over it.

"There is our vegetable garden. It is Mr. Bozenta's pride. We have strawberries all the time; you shall have some for supper."

Within ten minutes after leaving the vegetable garden we were as in the wilderness. There was a certain charm about the rough country that transported one in an instant. Here in the heart of the Santiago mountains in sunny California, here in Santiago Canyon as if shut out from the world of civilization, shone a luminous star. Its light was beautiful. For several hours we wandered about, and we explored new corners. At sunset we returned to the house in time for supper. After a delicious meal we went to the living room, a spacious, airy, artistic salon, and here again you were impressed with so much culture, education, genius, in the wilderness. Your mind swept across the sea to the old world, to the capitals of Europe, to the courts of England, France, Austria, where Madame Modjeska received homage from prince and peasant—verily crowned by people of many lands.

Seated around the lighted lamp this same great, good woman began to tell the story of her childhood. For a week I heard from Modjeska's own lips the remarkable story of her life. "Stay with us. Help me write my autobiography. We can wander around the canyons, and I can tell you the little intimate things of my career. Then you can write them down, and we can read them over at night."

But that high privilege was not to be mine. Professional duties called me back to my home in Chicago. Each night of my memorable visit to the ranch Madame Modjeska gave of herself, gave the dramatic story of a full and remarkable life. Little things that do not usually creep into autobiographies were related with a simple charm that was classic. At half past ten in the evening tea was served in the beautiful living room where we sat, and Madame Modjeska would play a little on the grand piano. Before midnight we would reluctantly go to our rooms. Mr. Bozenta and I would have breakfast alone. Madame Modjeska would remain in her room studying until noon. At that time she was preparing a play to be put on in Los Angeles for charity.

When I started to leave the ranch Madame Modjeska said: "You cannot have the horses today. Mr. Bozenta cannot to go El Toro today—perhaps tomorrow—I don't know." Such was the sweet hospitality of that great, good soul.

Helena Modjeska now sleeps in her beloved Poland. Felix Bozenta Modjeska, her grandson, lives in the little home on Bay Island, East Newport, near Los Angeles, where Madame Modjeska died, and little Felix junior plays in the sand in front of the house.

An extract from a letter from Madame Modjeska while she was in the East just prior to her death may not be inappropriate. She wrote:

"I cannot express how pleased I was with the scenic photographs of yours. It was really an artistic joy to have the privilege of seeing your wonderful pictures. The one of Santiago Canyon brought me back so vividly to California that I imagined myself walking among the hills in the atmosphere of sycamore trees and the perfume of white sedge and wild roses."

Among Madame Modjeska's last words to me were, "I would like to use a few of those pictures in my book of memoirs."

MODE WINEMAN.

Santa Monica, Cal., June 12, 1912.

Even the worm will turn. Missouri's delegates at large were awarded to Roosevelt Thursday by unanimous vote of the national committee. However, this sop to Cerberus comes too late. The colonel is planning to invade Chicago next Monday when the hurrah will begin.



## Modern Music and Its Latest Tendencies---By Frank Patterson

THIS article is inspired by a note from the pen of W. F. Gates in *The Graphic* of May 4 regarding an editorial by Mr. Colby in answer to Zielinski's recently published remarks. This is a controversy that has been carried on not only in Los Angeles and elsewhere in America but in the remainder of the western world as well, in fact, in every spot where Debussy and his school have penetrated. It is not my intention to write an article on Debussy, for if he is an offender he is certainly not the worst offender. Perhaps, it may be even said that he is the best offender. Certain it is that he is the one who gets the most blame from those who don't like him and the most praise from those who do. The funny thing about it is, that neither of these classes of would-be critics knows much about him or his school. This does not refer to the gentlemen of my profession who write for the newspapers, but to the thousands of more or less musical people who hold opinions and jump at conclusions.

It seems to be inevitable that we should idealize any new outreach toward a higher thought-plane in art, poetry or literature. Even in matters of religion, in diatetics, the simple life, health exercises and such schemes, we cannot deny that their popularity depends mostly upon the way the individual idealizes or overrates them until he becomes familiar with their exact content. It is said that it is this reaching out toward the ideal and spiritual that makes art possible at all. Now, in the matter of Debussism or Wagnerism or Wolfism or any other ism associated with modern music you will always find a large number of musicians, both amateur and professional, who are ready to accept the whole doctrine from a small sample just as often as other people take up with a new religion, a new diet or other such fad simply, as I said before, because their ignorance of it permits them to idealize it, to fit it into an empty, hungry space in their minds that needs filling.

I have known people who have accepted Debussy and all his works, have become enthusiastic partisans of him and his school, merely as a result of a phrase that touched that idealizing side of their natures, culled from a newspaper article containing more poetry and fine writing than plain truth and common sense. It is said that the French composer Chabrier became an enthusiastic Wagnerian simply after hearing a few of Wagner's harmonies. And that he founded the modern French school not by copying Wagner but by copying what he supposed to be Wagner, having neither the opportunity nor the patience to study the German master's works.

Such cases are not so rare as you would think. In conversation the other day with a prominent French composer of the Ultra-modern school I learned that he imagined his music to be in the manner of Hugo Wolf, but that, astonishing as it may appear, he had never in his life heard a note of Wolf's music. He had simply read of Wolf's manner and found that the description fitted his own works. And if this is true of musicians, is it not infinitely more true of mere music lovers? If you will get in a train one day going in the direction of Beyreuth and listen to what the other American passengers bound for the same destination have to say, you will soon find that they all, or almost all, look upon themselves as pilgrims going toward a shrine of art; that they know very little about either the art or the shrine, but that they are prepared to worship rapturously in advance. They get their expectations all worked up—and next year when Wagner is playing at their home opera house you catch them sneaking around the corner and going into the back door of a Merry Widow performance. Such is the fascination of the unknown!

In speaking of the French school in general and the ultra-modern French school in particular, it is necessary to remember that France has never given us any very great composers, but has frequently given us great experimenters whose work has suggested new methods to composers of other countries with talent and energy sufficient to carry it out to a successful conclusion. This is true not only in music, but in art and poetry as well. The truth is that the whole trend of modern art is due mainly to the influence of the French school of fifty years ago; and that school was largely the result of the influence of two foreigners: Hoffman and Poe. Maeterlinck is a direct successor of these two with the mellowing that took place by process of time and through the influence of sensuous French natures such as Baudelaire, Gautier, Verlaine and the others. We need feel no surprise, therefore, in seeing Debussy select his first opera libretto from Maet-

erlinck, his second from Poe and his third from Verlaine, while his most remarkable composition is inspired by a poem by Mallarme.

I have spoken elsewhere, about the curious influence that poetry seems to have on music. I have observed, not once but many times, that the instant a composer selects a poem by Verlaine or Baudelaire or any of that school for a musical setting he naturally, perhaps unconsciously, falls into a musical idiom of that peculiar, mysterious, intangible sort that we associate with Debussy. It is curious to find this in the work of a composer whose work is usually of a most ordinary and healthy, though perhaps old-fashioned sort. And yet a careful study of Verlaine shows no reason why this should be the case. It was rather his life, his exaggerated Bohemianism, that led people to feel as they do about him. His poetry is remarkable, but it is no more weird than is Poe's poetry, and, whatever we may think of Poe's strange tales, we cannot in all truth call his poetry anything but very beautiful and perfectly sane. The single exception may be "The Raven" which contains a certain mysterious twist akin to the weird tales. But it is the mystery of the tales that has cast its influence over our whole opinion of Poe; that, and the lying stories told by his first biographer as to these tales having been the inspiration of drunken delirium.

Many people like to think of poets, musicians and painters as being a sort of race apart, handsome, young, single—glorious young immortals whose work flows from their pens or their brush in a pure flow or effortless inspiration (like a California oil well), and whose time is mostly passed on the boulevards in front of the cafes or taking romantic walks in the woods. That, of course, we all know, is silly nonsense. There have been a few who worked that way; Verlaine was one of them, Heine was, I believe, another, but the great majority—It has been said with the greatest truth that to meet a great genius is always a disappointment. I can answer for it that it certainly is until you have met a few, after which you know just what to expect. I would place those I have met in two or three classes: the public performer, who is generally a mountain of disgusting and overbearing conceit; the orator or politician, who is frequently a loud-voiced bully; the productive artist, deep in his thoughts, absent-minded and impolite, careless of his dress, and as far from being the handsome young dandy of girlhood dreams as possible.

But one and all they are hard-working and industrious, thoughtful and painstaking. If they are in the public eye they rehearse carefully before every appearance, if they are producers they sit at home, sweating and swearing very frequently, beating every inspiration into presentable shape, and not letting anything get out of their workshops until it is as perfect as they can make it. And this is true even of great geniuses like Chopin of whom we hear such lovely tales as to how he just improvised his pieces off-hand under an influence such as a thunder-storm, a Polish defeat or similar inspiration. The truth is that it took him a week or more of the hardest kind of labor to write any one of his pieces, that he scratched and altered and changed his manuscripts until his publishers often refused to receive them unless they were copied out fair and neat, and that during all this throe of painful composition the master was in perfect misery almost amounting to physical suffering because he was convinced that, whatever he may have accomplished in the past, that particular piece would never, never be satisfactorily completed. It is to this very feeling that we owe the perfection of Chopin's music.

I must insist upon it that it is this fascination of the unknown that renders the French school so attractive in the minds of musicians and music lovers who have perhaps heard isolated examples of it but have never taken the trouble or had a really favorable opportunity to become thoroughly familiar with it. But it speaks well for the American nation as a whole that there is so much of this feeling, this striving toward an unknown ideal. For it is largely this same feeling that takes so many of our people to Europe. And in most cases if we Americans stay too long in Europe we get the same disappointment that we do by too close contact with Debussy and his school. In other words, neither the one nor the other will bear too close examination. I have lived much in Europe, so much that I may say I know it thoroughly, in and out and up and down. And the more I know it the more I appreciate my own country. And it is the same with all of this modern French school of music. I have gone all over it thoroughly in the last nine months and have embraced every opportunity of meeting the composers

and of hearing their compositions. And with what result? Simply the result that I have become convinced that they are doing just what Rameau and Berlioz did years ago: they are trying interesting experiments which will furnish valuable material to the composers of other nations; they are straining after an ideal that they can never reach, not because it is non-existent or unattainable, but simply because the original experimenter never can reach the final result of his investigations.

We give Edison the credit of having made a wonderful lot of valuable inventions, but we hear very little of the scientists whose patient experimenting has made these inventions possible; we give Richard Wagner credit of having invented the music drama, but how much trouble do we give ourselves to understand the cumulative effect of hundreds of years of experimenting toward this inevitable end? And even now, at this early stage, there are many composers in Russia, Germany, even England, America and Italy, who owe their whole manner more to Bizet, Chabrier and Debussy than to Wagner. The Debussy harmonies in Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" have been mentioned by many critics; Paderewsky's music is full of the same thing; and as for the modern Russians, they are as French as French can be, and they beat the French composers at their own game.

Modern music is made up of three distinct features: harmony, orchestration and motive. For music not written for the orchestra you must substitute "arrangement" for "orchestration." But, you will say, all music, at all times was made up of these elements! Exactly! But they were not taken in the same order. In the "sane" music of a few years ago (including Wagner), the melody or motive always came first. A comparison with art will show you the extreme importance of this distinction. In the "sane" painting of a few years ago the artist first made up his mind what the subject of his picture was to be: a tree, a boat, a hillside. In the modern school the painter makes up his mind first that his picture is to be a symphony in green, or blue, or purple, or that it shall be a matter of mere mistiness; and then he tries to find something that will jibe with this preconception—which method is certainly insane if anything could be! And yet that is just what the musicians of France are doing today. They find (generally on the piano) harmonic effects that particularly please them, or perhaps an arrangement or orchestral effects that seem especially pretty, and then they seek a melody to set this forth. That the result is "an aimless wandering" without either fixed tonality or form need not in the least surprise; for from the very nature of music the melody must be the basis of the whole composition, just as the object painted should, in art, be the foundation and "raison d'être" of the picture.

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Debussy is not the worst offender. I could name a dozen others who are doing the same thing with much less talent and much less sense. Certain of the music you hear in Paris by these moderns is simply idiotic, there is no other word for it! And the worst of it is that you soon get tired of these cloying harmonies. They charm you so much at first that you almost forget that mere harmony, however lovely it may be, does not make a musical composition. But after hearing them a few times the novelty wears off and you simply find the whole thing a senseless bore, as listening to the senseless chatter of an imbecile. But before closing this article let me not forget to signalize one glorious exception: Florent Schmitt, a Frenchman with a German name, no doubt of German extraction, though I have been unable to convince myself of the fact, probable as it seems. This man has all of the harmonic and orchestral effects of the ultra-modern French school at his finger ends, and instead of them mastering him he masters them. His "Tragedy of Salome," a symphonic poem to be played with or without ballet-pantomime, is so remarkable that it places this man at once on a par with the greatest living composers; his Forty-seventh Psalm for chorus and orchestra is no less important. In his early days (he is now forty) he wrote a lot of things of little value, but he now seems to have found himself, and if he keeps his head he will undoubtedly be one of the big men.

Paris, May 28, 1912. FRANK PATTERSON.

Dublin suffragettes are emulating their foolish London sisters by carrying on a window-smashing campaign. After they have had a smart taste of jail life they will repent their folly. This way of making votes for their cause does not impress the average American who favors suffrage for women.



## STRAY THOUGHTS BY B. C. T.

WHEN James Clair Flood died at Oakland, twenty-odd years ago, he left a widow, a daughter (Jennie) and a son (James L.) and \$20,000,000. Had it not been for a disastrous wheat deal that he had been seduced into a few years before, Flood would have probably died worth nearly double the above-named amount. He was born in the city of New York, October 25, 1826, on Hudson street, near St. John's Church, of poor parents of Protestant Scotch-Irish birth. After a round of studies in the common school of the district in which he lived, he went to work making tin cups for a man named Parker, whose shop was at the corner of Greenwich and Courtland streets. Young Flood early became a member of Engine Company Thirty-four, of which Dave Broderick was foreman. Bill Poole and John Franklin Lloyd were members of the same company. Lloyd was killed in the Astor Place riot and Poole was killed by a gang of prize fighters at Stanwix Hall, a saloon on Broadway near Prince, in 1855. The turning point in Flood's life was when the California gold fever broke out; for among the earliest argonauts who sought the Golden Fleece in the Golden West was the youth of twenty-three, whose ambition soared above the monotonous drudgery of tin-cup making. He embarked on the ship Elizabeth Ellen, which sailed around Cape Horn and arrived in the golden year 1849. He was not equipped with much money, but he had health, hope, muscle and courage, and began work for himself on the Yuba river with a rocker or cradle, washing the coarse gold out of the gravel and sand that rested on the bedrock. He was not unusually successful, but he managed to leave California with \$3,000. This sum, however, was too small to make him independent of hard labor, and so he returned and located in San Francisco, where he went into business.

Flood opened a restaurant on Washington street, between Dupont and Stockton, and in 1856 he went into the saloon business with William S. O'Brien. This was the corner-stone of the great firm of Flood & O'Brien. The firm opened the "Auction Lunch Saloon" on Washington street, between Montgomery and Sansome, and did a big business. Here it was that Flood and O'Brien became intimate with the leading mining men and prospectors of the day, and it was this intimate acquaintance that laid the foundation for the colossal fortune amassed by Flood and his partner. In the early saloon career of Flood his wife cooked the lunch daily which was dispensed along with drinks in the Washington street resort. The transition of a man from the keeping of a "bit"—a-drink saloon to the possession of untold millions is one of those miracles only possible in the great west or in the pages of a novel. The firm of Flood & O'Brien, afterward strengthened by the addition of John W. Mackay and James G. Fair, about the turn of the year 1874-75, shot up into phenomenal prominence.

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At that period there was scarcely a limit to the wealth that was accredited to them. They owned the controlling interest in the Consolidated Virginia and California mines. About this time the shares of California went up from a comparatively small figure to \$840, and Consolidated Virginia touched \$780. As there were 108,000 shares in each mine they represented the enormous capitalization of \$174,760,000. The shares of each mine were increased to 540,000. Until 1877 these mines paid monthly dividends of \$2 a share, or the enormous sum of \$2,160,000, or \$25,000,000 per annum. At one time there was no limit placed to the possible output of these properties. So clear-headed a man as William Sharon said to me one day that there were deposits of ore exposed in them which would return \$1,500,000,000, and that even that prodigious figure possibly did not represent their probable yield.

The whole financial world was aghast. As fully half of the ore was silver—or a little more than half—the prospect of deluging the world with that coin was a material factor in the demonetization of that metal. One of the sensational features of the Centennial Exposition was the shipping there of a solid block of silver bullion from the Bonanza mines containing a million dollars, at which the multitude stared and gaped to their hearts' content. However, about February, 1877, the turn of the tide came, production fell off, and more thousands were impoverished by the shrinkage of the bonanza mines than had been enriched by their exploitation.

Flood did not bear the reputation of being so generous as either Mackay or O'Brien, who gave almost everybody everything they were asked. He was very nearly a disastrous experience to the intangible partner "Slippery Jim" Fair. Indeed, Flood seemed to be spoiled by his immense wealth. But he built a million-dollar residence in San Francisco and a million dollar country home at Menlo Park, forty miles from San Francisco. He did not himself care for society, but he was anxious that Mrs. Flood

and Jennie, the daughter, should be recognized by the small but growing smart sets.

Flood's devouring ambition was to establish a big commercial bank. And although the Nevada bank was opened with unlimited capital, it never fully succeeded in acquiring the confidence of the San Francisco public until Isaias W. Hellman became its president. The wheat deal of two years before was very nearly a disastrous experience to said institution. There was a critical day in which, if it had not been for the Bank of California going to its aid, so it is alleged, the Nevada bank would have been obliged to close its doors. This timely assistance enabled Flood and Mackay to interest Fair, who gave them the benefit of his ready millions and consummate financial ability. The trial was a terrible one for Mr. Flood, however. He never rallied from the shock. To save himself he was obliged to mortgage immense blocks of property, of which he fortunately had a great deal, including his splendid new block on Market street, but which was cleared off two years later—a date which probably marks the point at which the noted plutocrat had recouped his losses in the wheat deal.

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James L. Flood, the only son, was a fast youth. But he sowed his wild oats in good shape and married, and for many years has been rated one of the clearest-minded business men of San Francisco. The daughter was so extremely plain that no young man ever smiled upon her until Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., in 1878, proposed speedy marriage and was accepted. But for unknown reasons—many have been assigned—Jennie became greatly incensed at her distinguished lover and gave him so grand a bounce as nearly to jar the young man out of his senses. Then a Lord Beaumont proposed to the heiress, who had in her own right a million dollar block in San Francisco and \$5,000,000,00 in U. S. registered 4 per cent bonds, and was accepted. But said Lord, like most of the English "gentlemen" who seek rich American girls in marriage, wanted a million or two to go with the maid, to which Jennie promptly demurred, and while papa and mama Flood were extremely willing, young Jim was not and said to his sister: "Throw him, Jennie, he's no good. He is a fraud, and owes for his board at the hotel." So Miss Jennie took her brother's advice and threw his lordship higher than Gilderoy's kite.

When Mr. Flood was assured by his physician, Dr. John Nightingale, and others whom he had called in for consultation, that the dreaded Bright's disease had fastened itself upon him in a way that could not be shaken off by ordinary resources of medicine, he resigned himself to the inevitable. Quietly settling up his business affairs, he gave his son his power of attorney, placed in his hands his vast mining interests and those held by him in the Nevada Bank, and left California with his wife and daughter, and did so with the full knowledge that the chances were a thousand to one against his returning. Few people indeed, except his own intimate friends, were aware that when he took his seat in the overland train he did so with the feeling of a man who faces a loaded cannon with the match burning.

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But he did not show it on the surface. He was as calm as though he intended to take a little run over Europe for recreation, to return invigorated in mind and body. But his disease was much aggravated by the excitement, agitation and worry of the great wheat deal in which he and his partners lost millions. Consequently, both mind and body were very much shattered when he left California.

He had intended to go to Carlsbad, that fashionable resort of wealthy people; but when he arrived in New York and consulted the best physicians there they told him that it was too late. As a last resort they advised that he should proceed at once to London and there obtain the advice of a prominent physician who had made a specialty of kidney complaints. This physician also informed him that the disease had progressed far beyond the power of man to cure or for the waters of famed Carlsbad to alleviate. The physician, however, recommended Homburg as a place where he might find that quiet and rest which would mitigate the severity of the disease and defer the inevitable end.

Homburg many years ago—in fact, half a century ago—was a favorite resort of the English and French nobility. However, it had become unpopular to the extent of becoming unfashionable, and the Spa, Baden, and, finally, Carlsbad, became centers of attraction for the invalid representatives of the world's riches. Mr. Flood, with his wife and daughter, remained at Homburg several weeks, in which time his spirits brightened and his general health improved, but the insidious disease beneath this mask of apparent improvement was burning his life away like a slow fire. He then removed to Carlsbad, and from that place his daughter telegraphed in a few days afterward that her father was dead.

## ORLENEFF AS AN IBSEN INTERPRETER

ORLENEFF, who will be remembered by not a few people as the man in whose company Nazimova first came to this country, has recently been in New York playing with his own company in Russian in the East side theaters. There are those, however, who remember Orleneff for himself and his beautiful work. As true interpreters of dramatic art they place his power far and away beyond that of Nazimova and they rejoice again to have the opportunity to revel in his wonderful art. There is food for thought in the fact that this man, whose ability none can question, is playing in a dingy little theater on the east side, while the woman who shared his early hardships with no more exceptional ability has had her name emblazoned in electric lights on her own theater in the fashionable district of the theater going section of New York. Orleneff opened his season with "Brand." There is something curiously pathetic in his being forced to place this play which, above all things, needs a wide sweep, on a tiny stage where the little church on the hilltop looks like a Noah's ark plaything. The character of this play which lies largely outside the realm of action makes it difficult for one who does not understand the language to appreciate the poetic imagery or to feel to the fullest extent the actor's power. As Oswald in "Ghosts" he has more opportunity. This part is actor proof. No actor, however inexperienced, can spoil it or fail to make a personal hit, and for an artist it is a veritable opportunity.

Orleneff is a magnificent Oswald. He does not wait for the big scene to impress Oswald's condition. The moment that he steps on the stage before ever a word is spoken it is clear that the man is a neurotic. The little half smile that plays over his features is curiously suggestive of mental disturbance. I was a bit unsettled at first because he appeared much older than in my imagination I had pictured Oswald, but this impression passed and now as I look back it seems that no matter what age Oswald may have been Orleneff was that age. The young woman who played Regina was curiously like Nazimova in personal appearance and in method of acting. I could almost imagine that it was Nazimova herself. Her impersonation was most interesting. Indeed all the characters were clear cut, though Mrs. Alving, heard in an unknown tongue, seemed talky, an impression that I hope one day to dispel by seeing Mary Shaw personate the part. I have been extremely unfortunate in being out of town and missing by perhaps a day every performance by that wonderful interpreter of the role. Pastor Manders was well taken and Jacob Elgstrand as ghoully a person as one might wish to see. It is quite evident why Pastor Manders should be entirely helpless against him. I was anew impressed with the power of the mind that was able to put into dramatic form this wonderful study of heredity. Ibsen has visualized so that one who has seen the play with understanding eyes can never forget the horrible consequences which unthinking fathers may visit upon their children. And Mrs. Alving's feeling that if she had acted differently, if she had brought into her husband's life some of the joy of living that he craved things might have been different, is wonderfully put. For her there was always duty, his duty and her duty.

But if human beings could always be what they would like to be, if they could always look ahead and see the inevitable consequences of what they do, lives might not get into snarls and tangles. But we are human beings, one man's meat is another man's poison, and we must pay the penalty for blindness. Mrs. Alving now blames herself, but after all this is a personal matter and Ibsen has a bigger lesson to teach. He realizes that wider social knowledge is necessary if we would avoid the ill consequences of social derelictions and he has laid the train for increased knowledge and the placing of responsibility for the physical welfare of our children and our children's children where it belongs. The weakness of Oswald is established before his birth. He came into the world handicapped. And many thousands of children are born into the world every year so handicapped. Put dramatically this great truth may filter into the consciousness of the world at large. Indeed, the progress made in that direction not only from year to year but from day to day is wonderful to see. That the women of California through the action of the State Federation of Women's Clubs have pledged themselves to support a state law that shall require a health certificate from contracting parties to a marriage before a license is issued is a wonderful step forward. And the suggestion of the editor of The Graphic that a copy of "Ghosts" be mailed to every member of the incoming legislature is pertinent. It might be more efficacious if the legislature were invited to witness an invitation performance of the play as presented by Miss Mary Shaw.

New York, June 10, 1912.

ANNE PAGE.



## ART AND QUALITY OF CONVERSATION

THERE is no doubt that the gift of language was intended to be a much greater accomplishment than the majority of us have ever made of it. There is no other one thing which enables us to make so good an impression, especially upon those who do not know us thoroughly, as the ability to converse well. A man who can talk well, who has the art of putting things in an attractive way, who can interest others by his powers of speech, has a great advantage over one who may know more than he, but who cannot express himself with ease or eloquence.

You may be a good singer, a fine artist; you may have a great many accomplishments which people occasionally see or enjoy; you may have a beautiful home and a lot of property which comparatively few people ever know about; but if you are a good conversationalist, every one you meet recognizes and appreciates your art. Everybody you talk with feels the influence of your skill and charm. In other words, there is no accomplishment, no attainment, which you can use so constantly and effectively, which will give so much pleasure to your friends, as fine conversation.

I was once a visitor at Wendell Phillips' home in Boston, and the music of his voice, the liquid charm of his words, the purity, the transparency of his diction, the profundity of his knowledge, the fascination of his personality, and his marvelous art of putting things, I shall never forget. He sat down on the sofa beside me, and, putting his hand on my knee, talked as he would to an old schoolmate, and it seemed to me that I had never heard such exquisite and polished English. I have met several English people who possessed that marvelous power of "soul in conversation which charms all who come under its spell."

Our own "Willie" Winter—premier of all dramatic and musical critics; Opie Reed, "The Kentucky Colonel;" Ellen Terry, Chauncey Depew, New York's own; President Emeritus Eliot of Harvard; Henry A. Melvin, associate chief justice of the Supreme Court of California, and President Taft have this wonderful conversational charm, as had Sir Henry Irving, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, and others whom I have had the pleasure of knowing.

The quality of the conversation is everything. We all know people who use the choicest language and express their thoughts in fluent, liquid diction, who impress us by the wonderful flow of their conversation; but that is all there is to it. They do not impress us with their thoughts; they do not stimulate us to action. We do not feel any more determined to do something in the world, to be somebody after we have heard them talk than we felt before.

We know other people who talk very little, but whose words are so full of meat and stimulating brain force that we feel ourselves multiplied many times by the power they have injected into us.

MAJOR JOHN B. JEFFERY

## PSYCHOLOGY OF "HIS FATHER'S HOUSE"

Beyond the petty problems of existence, "His Father's House" lifts its characters into the rarified air of applied ethics. A few trial performances have shown where rough edges may be smoothed, and now, at the beginning of the second week the Belasco company is presenting a strong, sincere picture, and Mr. Bynner may tell himself that he has produced a successful play. This is not to say a popular play, for the appeal of "His Father's House" will always be to that limited circle whose members are willing to take their brains as well as their emotions when they go to the theater. The story deals chiefly with the soul of a woman, for it is there that the motive and action of four lives have their springs. She is not a spectacular woman, or a particularly clever woman, as the world counts cleverness, nor is she an unusual woman, therefore the play utterly lacks heroics of the popular sort. She is just a woman, engaged as are so many women, in saving the man she loves from himself. There is in her the qualities of the universal mother, the eternal feminine, brooding with tender care over her loved ones. Yielding because she is too strong to contest, keeping her eyes fixed ever upon the things of real import in life. Through her love and steadfastness she is always the vital, controlling force in the battling lives of her husband, son, and foster son, who is also the illegitimate son of her husband. Overcoming her natural resentment at this living past of her husband, pity for an innocent child enables her to determine that love shall win over evil, selfishness and all other unlovely things. Into an apparently uneventful life she has woven this silver thread of resistance and at the crisis of their lives it holds. Technically, the story is direct and works undiverted to its climax. Aside from the rather elaborate cleverness of the woman friend, who revels in cynical thrusts, the lines are simple and sincere. There is a touch of humor in the in-

evitable stage "drunk and disorderly," and all truth in the words of Mrs. Hunfrey the wife. Her speech of revolt to her husband contains all the modern woman's disdain of things as they are, as well as her endurance of them for the sake of what she hopes for. All of woman's life is at stake when the test comes for those she loves. Only then can she know for what she has labored. For women always labor blindly, and hope.

M. H. C.

## Preston Industrial School's Chance

Southern California will rejoice over the recent appointment of Hugh F. Montgomery as superintendent of the Preston School of Industry. Mr. Montgomery for several years has made a study of the reclamation of the young, and he has devoted most of his time and part of his fortune to the work. He was for a time a resident of Pasadena. The Preston school has not been a success, but it is thought that under its new regime it will become a reformatory in the best sense of the word.

## Perkins Grows Feebler

From Washington a correspondent writes that in the line-up on the question of indorsing the Lorimer majority report, Senator Perkins of California is generally placed on the affirmative side with Senator Works in outspoken opposition. Senator Perkins continues to grow feebler daily, and to that fact alone is attributed his position in the Lorimer issue. In former years Perkins, while usually aligned with the old reactionary faction in the Republican politics of California, never openly took a stand in opposition to public sentiment. The senior senator has not been in Southern California in years, and I doubt if the average voter here could name him offhand.

## Ford is Too Squeamish

Fresno Republican: Prison Commissioner Tirey L. Ford asked to be excused from voting on the question of paroling Abe Ruef. Why so squeamish? To be sure, Ruef is in prison for taking the money which Ford gave him. If it was wrong to take the money, it was also wrong to pay it. Or, if it was right to pay, then it was equally right to take. Consequently, either Ruef ought to be out or Ford ought to be in. And no one knows better than Tirey L. Ford which of these two alternatives is the correct one. Therefore, no one is so competent as he to vote intelligently on Ruef's parole—or his own. Why should this question be so embarrassing to Tirey L. Ford? He has not found it embarrassing to remain on the prison board, as ex-officio custodian of his partner in the transaction. He has found nothing incongruous in serving a term of honor, overseeing the institution where his associate is serving a term of dishonor. He has considered his reputation sufficiently vindicated by the failure of a jury to convict him. Would not Ruef, then, be equally guiltless if the board should turn him out? Certainly no prison official should be a party to the incarceration of a man whom he personally knows to be innocent. Tirey L. Ford personally knows whether Ruef is innocent or guilty. If Ruef is innocent, then by all means he should be not merely paroled, but pardoned. If he is guilty, then the other party to the transaction which constitutes his guilt ought not to wait for a case personal to Ruef before realizing the inappropriateness of his sitting as a judge in any such case.

## What Have I Done?

I lay my finger on Time's wrist to score  
The forward surging moments as they roll;  
Each pulse seems quicker than the one before;  
And lo! my days pile up against my soul  
As clouds pile up against the golden sun;  
Alas! What have I done? What have I done?

I never steep the rosy hours in sleep,  
Or hide my soul, as in a gloomy crypt;  
No idle hands into my bosom creep;  
And yet, as water drops from house eaves drip,  
So, viewless, melt my days, and from me run;  
Alas! What have I done? What have I done?

I have not missed the fragrance of the flowers,  
Or scorned the music of the flowing rills;  
Whose numerous liquid tongues sing to the hours;  
Yet rise my days behind me, like the hills,  
Unstarred by light of mighty triumphs won;  
Alas! What have I done? What have I done?

Be still, my soul; restrain thy lips from woe;  
Cease thy lament! for life is but the flower;  
The fruit comes after death; how canst thou know  
The roundness of its form, its depth of power?  
Death is life's morning. When thy work's begun,  
Then ask thyself—What yet is to be done?

—LILLIAN BLANCHE FEARING.

## By the Way



## Gala Week at Athletic Club

This is gala week at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, with Col. W. M. Garland playing host as chairman of the committee on arrangements, aided by Harry M. Haldeman of the entertainment committee and Max Ihmsen looking after the invitations. As a subsidiary committee the colonel has had the efficient help of Lynn Helm, Rob Rogers, Hancock Banning, Dr. W. Jarvis Barlow, James Slauson, Gurney E. Newlin, Charley Seyler and the effective Frank A. Garbutt. Friday night, with its gorgeous banquet feature, was the star occasion, the evening's festivities ending in a blaze of glory with a dance in the beautifully decorated gymnasium, temporarily transformed into a ballroom. Tonight concludes the week's gayeties with a "smoker" and vaudeville-minstrel show, after which President Rob Rowan will retire to his farm out in Pasadena for a well-earned rest. I am delighted to note that three of the finest canvases from the studio of my friend J. Bond Francisco have been added to the notable pictures owned by the club.

## Marco Hellman Makes a Clean-up

There was consummated this week one of the most important financial transactions in the history of the city. The deal involved a cash outlay of \$100,000, and had it been a real estate affair, the details would have taken up at least a column or more in every morning and afternoon paper in town. As it was, with the exception of the Tribune, no other paper even mentioned the deal. Marco Hellman has disposed of his interest in the Security Savings Bank, which was taken over by a syndicate inside the institution. The price paid was \$452,50 a share. The seller cleaned up so that he might devote his entire attention to his own trust company, which is to be operated with the All Night & Day as a nucleus. In the financial district it is believed that the H. W. Hellman interests are about to launch a new banking enterprise, with a capital of about a million dollars, which is to combine savings as well as trust features. The new bank will be the fourth of its kind, and it is to occupy quarters in the Hellman-Holliday building to be begun before the end of the year. When the news leaked out that the Hellman holdings had been disposed of, it was rumored that the shares had gone to a certain well known safety razor millionaire who has recently been investing in Southern California. This capitalist already owns a large block of Security stock, and it was natural to suspect that he might have acquired the Hellman holdings. The truth is that when it was learned that certain San Francisco bankers had determined to take in the stock that was hanging over the market, a pool inside the Security was organized and at once took in the loose holdings. Although Marco Hellman could have sold at a much better figure in the north than was offered here, he played the game like a true sportsman, and gave Los Angeles the preference. Incidentally, Hellman acquired a large part of his Security stock last year at about 400, when certain other financiers, determined to unload their holdings at what they considered a top price, permitted Hellman to take over large blocks. The latter cleaned up in the "sucker play," as it was called at the time, more than \$10,000 profit when he transferred his stock a few days ago. It is freely predicted by those who are familiar with conditions that before the end of 1912, Security Savings will be selling in the open market at better than 500. The quotation this week is 462.50.

## How We All Grow

Los Angeles, with a population of about 420,000, now is eleventh in the list of cities in the United States. With a growth of about twenty-five per cent since the taking of the federal census two years ago, the city should reach the million mark by 1920, in order to verify the prediction of my optimistic friend Col. William M. Garland. Evidently, we are now trending close to San Francisco, with every indication that we will pass that city in the next three years. The former metropolis of the Pacific Coast was credited with 425,000 in 1910 and the total now claimed for it is about 480,000. The increase in the next three years is expected to be



extraordinary, due to the Panama exposition. But Los Angeles, undoubtedly, will make a still better showing. Meantime, San Diego, with, in fact, all of Southern California is keeping pace. Our neighbor to the south now has 75,000 people, with good promise that the figures will have reached 100,000 by 1915.

#### Editor Randall Is Ambitious

I see that Editor Charles H. Randall of the Highland Park Herald is another willing Barkis, so far as the new Ninth congressional district is concerned. I fear that my esteemed contemporary will find the "going" anything but easy, since Pasadena has served notice through The Daily News of that city that only Pasadena men need apply. State Senator Bell and Frank S. Wallace are understood to cherish aspirations, as also does the former representative, James McLachlan.

#### Los Angelans in Switzerland

Writing from Lake Lucerne, Alden W. Skinner advises me that he and Mrs. Skinner are there for the summer and that Frank Wiggins and his good wife were expected to join them at Hotel Richemont that day for a stay of several weeks. Thus far they have had a fine outing with the best of health.

#### Salt Lake Manager Alert

General Manager Nutt of the Salt Lake has proved himself a wonder among railway operating experts since his arrival in Los Angeles from Tacoma a few weeks ago. The new manager of the Clark road has set a smart pace in the offices on the fifth floor of the Pacific Electric building. He seldom uses a private or a parlor car when he makes an inspection trip, although it has been an invariable custom for officials to travel in that way. There is a whisper that the new deal on the Salt Lake may mean an ownership in that property by the Hill interests. Else why should the new manager have left a vice-presidency on the Northern Pacific in order to accept his present position? Personally, I take little stock in the Hill story, but others, much more experienced in such matters, are insisting that there is foundation for the report.

#### Hogue, However, Won Out

S. Fred Hogue, who was transformed in a night from a \$30 a week Times reporter to a San Francisco newspaper publisher at a nice fat salary, has suddenly attracted attention in Chicago, where he led the contest before the Republican national committee which resulted in the seating of two Taft delegates from the Fourth California district. Hogue was for three years political reporter for the Times, and when certain interests were looking for a manager for the San Francisco Post, Harry Chandler named Hogue, who has been in control ever since. Pat Calhoun's Hogue Gov. Johnson dubs him.

#### Senator Wingfield Now

With George Wingfield as a successor to the late George S. Nixon as senator from Nevada, Los Angeles will have another strong friend in the national capital. He is worth more than \$20,000,000, which seems to be his chief qualification for a seat in the United States senate. His private life has been blameless, if one overlooks the alleged fact that at one time he kept gambling houses in several Nevada mining camps. He married a beautiful and highly accomplished young woman of San Jose, coming to Los Angeles for his honeymoon. Mr. and Mrs. Wingfield usually are summer guests in this city and Catalina.

#### Masons to Come in October

For more than fifty years the Masonic Grand Lodge of California has met in San Francisco for its annual convention the second Tuesday in October. By unanimous vote, and as a special courtesy to Southern California, the grand lodge at its last session amended its constitution so that the 1912 meeting may be held here. Prominent Masons are bestirring themselves to raise \$20,000 among their fraternity for the entertainment of several thousand guests.

#### Steffens a Reluctant Witness

Lincoln Steffens, who has been a visitor here for more than two weeks, has not been getting the public attention that was showered upon him last winter, when much publicity was given to his opinions on the struggle between capital and labor. This time Mr. Steffens has been summoned as a witness in the Darrow trial. I believe the prosecution subpoenaed him, and he came much against his inclination. Steffens does not know just when he is to be called, and he says that his trip west is causing him financial loss. His former experiences here also resulted in material disadvantage, as he found it necessary to relinquish the contributing editorship of a leading magazine. He expects to take part in the presidential campaign as a writer,

and would like to get back to New York for that reason. Fremont Older also was in town last week, hobnobbing with Steffens, and, incidentally, agitating for a parole for Abraham Ruef—which has come to be a hobby with the editor of the San Francisco Bulletin. The latter project by the way, has been shelved by the state board of prison directors. If I am not in error, Tirey L. Ford, of San Francisco, who was three times tried for having supplied Ruef with the bribery money, is still a member of the state prison board. Ford was not convicted, it is generally assumed, because of Ruef's refusal to testify against him. He asked to be excused from voting.

#### Truth About the McNamaras

From a confidential source in San Quentin, I learn that the story of the punishment of the McNamara brothers at the prison, as published in the daily press, was greatly exaggerated. The two brothers were placed in the jute mill when they arrived, as are all other prisoners, and were set at certain daily tasks which all inmates are expected to perform if their health is certified by the prison physicians. The younger brother was not able to do his work, and as the other also has been failing he gradually fell behind. In order to try them out they were told that they would be deprived of certain privileges as a punishment if they did not improve their output, but both asserted that they were doing their best. When this had been demonstrated the two men were given other employment.

#### Two Wheelers Differentiated

Fred F. Wheeler, who has been appointed a member of the board of public utilities, is not the well known Socialist, as has been intimated in certain quarters. Wheeler is a prominent member of the Prohibition party and a retired business man. His namesake, with whom he is often confused, is a labor union man who was an aspirant for mayor when George Alexander ran in the Harper recall campaign. The Socialist Wheeler is justly regarded as an excellent citizen, in spite of his radical political views. That there are to be other changes in the personnel of the board, is a story current in political circles, and it is said that Commissioner Humphreys also is slated for the axe. Secretary Fleming of the harbor board is alleged to have stirred up the tempest at the city hall, which, as expected, ended in recall of that official.

#### Whittier's Loss State's Gain

Fred C. Nelles' resignation as superintendent of the state school at Whittier will cause general regret. Nelles had just begun to demonstrate his worth in his position when he was named as a member of the state board of control, which will necessitate his removal to Sacramento. There are several applicants for his former Whittier position, and it is to be hoped the board of trustees of the school will not hurry to fill it until the right man is found.

#### How to Elect Taft

From the City of Mexico comes a story that in the event of the renomination of President Taft there is to be intervention with an army of 20,000 before the end of the summer. The administration is to try to work up enthusiasm in that way, with the theory that no president has ever been repudiated while a foreign war was in progress? It is planned to make a quick campaign, with peace before the end of the year. The United States will take over the states of Sonora, Chihuahua and Sinaloa, in the event that real fighting is necessary. If there is only to be a temporary policing of the country until order is restored, this program will be modified. I take little stock in the story, although the source is fairly trustworthy. In diplomatic circles in the City of Mexico it is given credence, but—Taft will not be nominated.

#### Botsford's Estate Small

It created surprise in the financial districts when it was learned that the late W. F. Botsford's estate did not yield more than \$47,000. The Botsford residence on Orange street, however, is probably worth \$80,000, and other property given by the decedent to relatives in his lifetime is worth close to half a million. The banker was not fortunate in his investments in the last years of his life, and left about the same sum that he brought to Los Angeles fifteen or twenty years ago. His family, however, is comfortably provided for, it is stated.

#### Bell People Getting Good

Bell Telephone interests, heretofore exceedingly independent when it has come to doing anything for this city, have suddenly realized that they will have to turn over a new leaf. Their franchise will expire in 1916, and there is likely to be trouble about the renewal. The company pays the city nothing for doing business and a new franchise will probably cost a large sum. In the opinion of those who know the value of such a right, a million dollars would

not be too much for the Sunset to pay. There is well-defined opinion that rather than accept this the Sunset people will take over the Home company long before 1916.

#### Catalina Boats in Constant Service

One of the problems confronting the Banning company and allied interests is taking care of the Catalina passenger traffic this summer. Under a recent ruling, the Cabrillo is permitted to carry only one hundred and fifty persons a trip, and the Hermosa one hundred and fifteen. The two boats have been taking on many times that number in former seasons. The company will probably order a schedule that will keep both vessels steaming from morning till night. Formerly each ship has been required to make only one run a day, except in emergencies. Later, there is to be a fleet of the most modern vessels acquired for the Catalina run.

#### More Flamboyant Advertising

"Death Valley Scotty," who a few years ago secured notoriety through a record-breaking transcontinental trip, and by other methods, is floating a mining proposition for which he is using large advertising space. As the alleged facts in the prospectus circulated may not bear close investigation, such newspapers as are handling the copy may fall afoul of the postoffice department. In fact, the literature being circulated seems to be of that flamboyant description that promises untold wealth for the few dollars invested. The argument is so crude that I am surprised the copy was accepted for publication. It should have been rejected.

#### To Inspect the Harbors

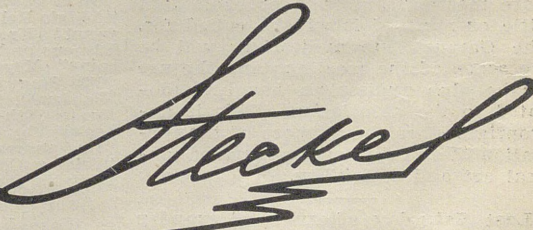
In the event that the senate committee on commerce and the house committee on rivers and harbors accept the invitations extended, the full membership of both will visit this city and section before the end of the summer. The Associated Commercial Organizations of the Pacific Coast have initiated a move by which the two committees have been invited to inspect the harbors of the Pacific coast. A sum approximating \$30,000 for entertainment has been raised. The trip will be made by special train, probably the latter part of August. Senator Perkins and Congressman Raker have been advised that the invitation is to be forthcoming, and each has intimated that it will be accepted. Let us profoundly hope the local harbor commission, now so uncertain of tenure, by that time will be sure of its permanency.

#### Would Emulate Berger

J. Stitt Wilson, at one time a resident of Los Angeles, and the present Socialist mayor of Berkeley, has concluded to try for the lower house of congress. The seat has been filled for several years by Joseph Knowland, who is ambitious to succeed George C. Perkins as United States senator—in which attempt Francis J. Heney may forestall him. I hear that Mayor Wilson is filling his present position to the satisfaction of his constituency and that he is certain to put up a lively contest for the Washington seat. That he can be elected, however, in a district that is Republican by upward of 40,000, with the women voting, does not appear likely. James Stitt is almost as well known in Los Angeles as he is in Berkeley.

What a blow to Heney! He was denounced as a Democrat by an irate Taft member of the national committee. We shall expect to hear from the Democrats muy pronto.

#### EXHIBITION OF RECENT CANVASES BY JULES PAGES of Paris



#### GALLERY UNTIL JUNE 22

In addition to a long list of honors won by this notable artist, the French government recently conferred upon him the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

GALLERY OPEN FROM 9 A. M. TO 5:30 P. M.

336½ S. Broadway



# Music



By W. F. Gates

Florence Dillon, after an absence of seven or eight years, gave a song recital at the Majestic theater last Friday night. The audience was large and representative of society. Miss Dillon is "a broth of a girl," good to look upon and good to hear—when she keeps to medium register and medium quantity. Her program was a long one, including numbers from Wagner, Beach, Dillon, Tosti, Capua, Verdi and Puccini. Miss Dillon has a naturally beautiful voice, which with her present superabundance of energy and muscularity she is going to wear out a decade before its time. When a voice is pushed to an almost continuous and enlarged vibrato, it shows lack of proper repose of method. But the voice is there; the objectionable feature probably is the outcome of too strenuous operatic overwork. Among the most enjoyably sung numbers were the Pergolesi song—stated on the program as of the eleventh century, which was seven hundred years off date—and Mimi's song from "La Boheme." In the less impassioned moments, the natural beauties of the voice came to the surface. Mr. Garroway accompanied at short notice, and did well to follow so closely the many and unusual variations in tempo indulged in by the fair singer. Fannie Dillon, sister of the recitalist, presented what was labelled on the program as a "sonata" but which seemed more of a free improvisation in one movement. It showed a study of Debussy and other moderns and had many beautiful and unusual harmonic sequences. It did not evince the unity of design customary to a sonata movement—in this showing the modern episodic tendency; also two songs of hers were programmed, in which the most interesting portion is the piano rather than the voice. Miss Dillon is a fluent pianist as well as serious-minded composer. Her compositions evince much more than the usual feminine reach into music.

Members of the Music Teachers' Association of Southern California report increasing interest in the affairs of their club as the session of the state association draws near. Meetings are held once or twice a month and at each a musical program is given. At the one held Friday night at the Gamut Club house, the soloists were T. T. Drill, baritone, Grace H. Nash, pianist, and Helen B. Cooper, soprano. A small guarantee fund has been raised for the expenses of the state meeting, but it is probable that little or none of it will be called for. The Gamut Club auditorium will be the scene of the meetings and the use of the club auditorium has been donated to the association. This is appropriate since the purpose of the formation of the club was to further musical art and sociability.

Last Saturday afternoon Alexander Heinemann gave the second of his song recitals here this season. The program consisted of four groups, one each from Beethoven, Brahms, Hermann and Schubert. This was one of the heaviest programs offered and was the last of the Behymer series of concerts for the season. In spite of the ecomiums bestowed in the daily press on Mr. Mandelbrod as Heinemann's accompanist, the player happened to be George S. McManus, a young man who is the product of this side of the country and who is highly esteemed by

Mr. Heinemann, personally and as an accompanist. The latter says, "He iss goot und fine blayer mit me, und I am a ferry deffil ven I sing." Certainly, it takes no small skill to follow the varying and unexpected nuancing and rubatos of the singer.

Charles H. Demorest was called on to give the opening organ recital on the new instrument in the Pilgrim Congregational Church at Pomona, last week. This is a good-sized, three-manual instrument and gave Mr. Demorest opportunity to display his skill. The vocal numbers were by Revel English, a Pasadena baritone, who has forsaken a good deal of his studio activities for the pursuit of millionaire enjoyments, but who is heard occasionally in song recital.

Mr. Demorest reports himself as much pleased with the new organ he is playing at the Church of Christ, i. e., Simpson Auditorium and that it will be used exclusively at the church services. That is, however, a rather non-churchly attitude to take—"we've bought a fine instrument but you—the public—will not be permitted to hear it in concert." Still, it is the attitude of a good many churches. Think of the musical good the old organ at "Simpson" did in its day!

One name will be missing from the symphony orchestra list in the future, that of Miss Lucia Mulieri, the harpist. For last week she changed her cognomen for the more euphonious one of Laraia, being married to A. W. Laraia, also a member of the orchestra. Mrs. Laraia was formerly a member of the Lambardi opera orchestra. The family music will consist for the present of harp and double bass.

Writing of weddings, Miss Aliene Cawthorne is announced as forsaking her operatic aspirations for the dulcet strains of the wienlied. She is said to have an engagement with the Lambardi opera company for the coming season.

At the Auditorium last Monday night, the Orpheus Club gave its closing concert of the season. The club had the assistance of Mrs. Menasco, cellist, Julius Kranz, violinist, and the Amphion Club, a woman's choir of sixteen voices. The program was as follows:

"Defiance" (incidental solo, Mr. Barkdull) (Atenhofer), Orpheus Club; concerto op. 59 (Clughardt), Mme. Menasco; "Bedouin Song" (Arthur Foote), Orpheus Club; "Echoes of the Ball" (Gillet-Houseley), "Good Night" (Mayard), Amphion Club; "Adagio Religioso" (Vieuxtemps), "Liebesfreud" (Kreisler), Mr. Franz; "Chorus of Bishops and Priests," from opera "L'Africaine" (Meyerbeer), "Katy Did" (Andrews), "I'll Sing the Songs of Araby" (Clay-Woodruff), Orpheus Club; "Doris," a pastorella (Ethelbert Nevin), Amphion Club, assisted by Mme. Menasco and Mr. Kranz; "De Sandman" (Protheroi), Orpheus Club; "Soldiers Chorus," from "Faust" (Gounod), Orpheus Club.

As Orpheus concerts are open only to those holding invitations, no criticism of the program can be made.

Morton Mason is telling one on himself. At a recent communion service at the Pasadena Presbyterian Church, of which he has been organist and choir director for a few decades, he was softly playing a number of old hymn tunes during the distribution and when the wine appeared, happened to start "Oh, Happy Day," at which there was a more than audible titter from the adolescent of the congregation. Just him it over and supply the

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popular words to this tune and you will see the reason why. This is about on a line with the anthem that Fred Bacon gave out on the occasion of Dr. Day's trial sermon at the First Congregational Church fifteen years or so ago. The title of it was, "This is the Day the Lord Hath Made"—which, no doubt, had its weight in the minds of the congregation, as Dr. Day has been in that pulpit ever since.

Last Thursday night, Gage Christopher, baritone, gave a song recital at the Huntly in which he sang selections ranging from Schumann to Bliss—not the original "P. P." of gospel song celebrity, but his son. The second generation in a gospel song writer's family seems to reach a higher musical level than the first, as witness Fred Root of Chicago and Paul Bliss of Cincinnati. Mr. Christopher was assisted by Ella Young, soprano, Leona Warren, contralto, and Laura Wheeler, pianist.

## Mr. Clifford Lott B A R I T O N E

has returned from New York and London where he appeared in concert and studied under Mr. GEORGE HENSCHEL and SIR HENRY WOOD.

Mr. Lott has reopened his studio at 912 WEST 20TH ST. (Near Oak).

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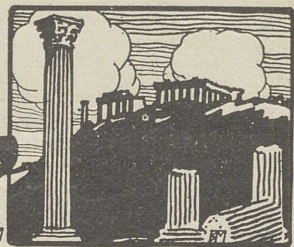
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# Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

## EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK.

Miscellaneous Collection Household Arts—Parmelee-Dohrmann.  
General Exhibition—Daniell Studio (Blanchard Gallery).

This week our little journey, a very little one, will be to the studio of Helma Heynsen Jahn, the well known portrait painter, which is located in the heart of the busy down-town district on South Hill street. Hundreds of people pass the entrance of this artistic atelier day after day and unless the tiny sign-post directing the way into the secluded recess where the quaint little building stands happens to catch a watchful eye, few would dream of looking for the retreat of a famous painter so close to the constant din of commercial life. But Mrs. Jahn selected her location with a definite purpose. She is a busy artist and she paints busy people. Men of affairs and women of distinction are her patrons and it is necessary for the good of all concerned that the studio where they pass several hours a day while a portrait is being painted should be adjacent to the busy world that claims their daily existence. In spite of the fact that Mrs. Jahn's studio is within a stone's throw of three of the busiest thoroughfares in Los Angeles the place itself possesses an isolated, detached feeling that seems to put it into a little world by itself. The building designed especially for the purpose for which it is used is an adaptation of Dutch colonial architecture. The windows are small and many-paned and the overhanging roofs give gracious lines to the general effect which is altogether pleasing. To reach this retreat one must traverse a narrow pavement leading from Hill street back between tall apartment dwellings. These screen the artist's abode from the thoroughfare and exclude sound as well as sight. On entering the studio, and after the door is closed, one feels completely removed from city life, in fact, even from prosaic every-day America. There is a real European atmosphere about the place that cannot fail to impress one in a strange and peculiar manner. It seems like a fairy tale come true. We have passed a busy hour in office or shop, have hurried down Broadway dodging cars and autos and elbowing package-laden pedestrians, and now all at once, presto, change! and Los Angeles is continents away and we are in old Vienna, in the art atmosphere of the old world, and the romance and poetry of all we have read about famous art studios abroad have come true.

The ante-room into which the visitor is first admitted and where he is likely to remain if he is merely a layman, is a cozy, dark apartment, crowded with rich bric-a-brac and age-old mahogany. The floors are deep with oriental rugs, faded and mellow at autumn haze, and the doors and windows are concealed behind rare tapestries of lovely hues. On the walls are many pictures. Pictures by Mrs. Jahn? you ask. Yes, a few, but in comparison only a very few. Many are by celebrated artists with whom Mrs. Jahn has been associated in her years of study in Europe and America. Deep divans covered by silken rugs and wide lounging chairs and a wonderful Viennese tea service proclaim the hospitality of the hostess and invite comfort and repose. A great cabinet on the east wall is filled with the rarest blue and white china, and priceless

bric-a-brac from all parts of the world add to the effect.

Beyond is the great studio, wide, spacious, and wonderfully expressive of its talented mistress. It would take many articles the length of this one to do justice to the charm and beauty of this apartment. Here, too, the floors are hushed by wine-colored rugs of royal weave. The walls are heavy with pictures, tapestries, and antique curios and rare relics. At the right an immense skylight reaches from floor to ceiling and beneath it are a table and a carved cabinet containing the tools of the painter's craft. Near the center of the room the model-stand and easel are placed and to the left an array of antique chairs for portrait poses are grouped. A huge, stone fireplace occupies the entire west wall and above the mantel is hung a thirteenth century tapestry. A carved table, a console, a chest, and grandfather's clock, all hand carved in solid oak, complete the furnishings of this unique apartment where, the last few years, no fewer than fifty well known, and in several instances internationally famous, people have set for portraits.

From time to time The Graphic has noted these commissions and commented favorably upon the success of the work. A few of Mrs. Jahn's latest canvases are still on her easel awaiting final delivery, and these I shall briefly note. An interesting portrait is that of Mr. Simon Conradi, a thirty-third degree Mason and the oldest member of this organization in the city. Mr. Conradi is of the alert, wide-awake type of progressive American and Mrs. Jahn has been remarkably successful in catching the vivacious expression of her sitter. The flesh tones are fine and the modeling strong. A pastel portrait of Helen Spangler, the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Spangler, is an excellent piece of work. The fair haired miss looks from the canvas in wide blue eyes of childish sweetness and wonderment. The treatment of the dress is free and simple and very effective. A commission of importance just completed by Mrs. Jahn is of the portraits of the Jotham Bixby family at Long Beach. The portrait of Mrs. Bixby was shown as the exhibition of the California Art Club at the Friday Morning club house and the one of Mrs. George Bixby was seen at the exhibition of work of Southwestern Painters at Blanchard Gallery. The recently completed portrait of Mr. Jotham Bixby is on the whole one of the best of the group. It is handled in a broad, free manner and is rich and juicy in color. Portraits of Mr. Chas. W. Munger and Mrs. Burton Williamson are still in an unfinished state, but both promise to be successful renderings. In the last year Mrs. Jahn has painted four life-sized portraits of thirty-third degree Masons, viz., Judge W. R. Hervey, Mr. Perry Weidner, Dr. J. S. Thompson, and Mr. Simon Conradi. These hang in the library of the Scottish Rite Temple.

June 23 Mrs. Jahn will close her studio and go to Chicago where she will paint several portraits. From there she goes to Milwaukee and later to New York. The latter part of July she will sail for her old home in Vienna. Mrs. Jahn plans to remain abroad at least a year in which time she will paint in Munich, Florence, Vienna, Paris, and London.

\* \* \*

Discoursing upon the value of manu-

al training in the public schools a well-known writer says: "Since the introduction of manual training in the schools people have become informed upon its educational value, later of its ethical and industrial values, but the arts and crafts movement has shown its art and its social values. It has given to manual training artistic appreciation and higher ideals, and the unification of structure and decoration that is found in the progressive manual training shop of today. John Quincy Adams said, 'The purpose of art is to idealize work,' and that is what one finds in the manual training shops that keeps the ideals of arts and crafts in view. The criticism that is being made nowadays of the American school system is that it has no vital connection with the economic or social system, that it has kept pace with the development of commerce and industry; also, that it has no ethical or social value to the great majority of people, says a writer in Handicraft. The development of manual training by the making of objects of real value, constructively sound and artistically good, adds to the ethical value, and increases largely the value of the school system to society."

This argument is sound and no one who has taken the trouble to visit the several exhibitions of students' work put forth in the last fortnight by our local public and private schools can doubt its truth. The pupils of the art department of the Polytechnic high school under the able direction of Prof. Winterburn made an excellent showing last week. The work at Hollywood high school is of a high order as also is the work of the students at Los Angeles and Manual Arts high schools. The art departments of the Girls' Collegiate School and Cumnock School under the supervision of Miss Leta Horlocker show great improvement over former efforts.

\* \* \*

Art classes of the College of Liberal Arts, University of Southern California, held an exhibition of their work in East Hall, College of Liberal Arts, last Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons. The work shown consists of charcoal drawings from casts and from life, painting from the head and draped figure and still-life study. The school, unfortunately, does not yet see the absolute necessity of the nude for proficiency in drawing. Good book designs for covers, posters, etc., are also shown. These classes have been under the supervision of Miss Arley G. Tottenham for the last three years, and the exhibition gives evidence of commendable progress. Indeed, when the small amount of time devoted to drawing and painting is taken into consideration much of the work is astonishingly good. The pupils, even the youngest in the academic department, are earnest and painstaking. A few show talent of a high order that under further training will make excellent painters and designers of them. Students who deserve special mention are Lee Morrell, Gladys Barlowe, Anna Kittler, Arthur Westerhead, Chas. Jeye, Grace Stevenson, and Queen Masters.

\* \* \*

Students of the College of Fine Arts, U. S. C., gave a well-selected and carefully considered exhibition of their work in oil and watercolor at the college in Garvanza Wednesday and Thursday of last week and the annual showing of work by students of the Westlake School of Art and Design promises to be the best the school has ever put forth.

\* \* \*

Saturday and Sunday afternoon Lillian Ferguson will exhibit sketches made on her recent trip to Holland. Mrs. Ferguson's studio is in Hollywood.

\* \* \*

Beginning next week and continuing until its close, the Parmelee-Dohrmann Company will offer a novel feature in the form of a show of household arts. Booths have been erected throughout

## Three Books by the Editor

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\* \* \*

At the Steckel Gallery a miscellaneous exhibit will open Monday to continue through the summer.

\* \* \*

June number "International Studio" opens with a treatise on "International Art at Pittsburg" by Christian B. Winston. This is followed by a review of the "Architectural Exhibition in Philadelphia." A. L. Bildry contributes an article on "A Painter of Romance: Mr. Tom Mestyn." A. Stodart Walker writes of "The Paintings of D. Y. Cameron, A. R. A., A. R. S. A." "The American Colony of Artists in Paris" is the title of E. A. Taylor's article and Prof. Robert Mobbs reviews the work of Edmond G. Reuter, a Swiss artist. W. Francklyn Paris tells of "The Opening Exhibition of the French Institute in the United States." "Pictures of Old Moscow," by Vasnetsov, "Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture," "Studio Talk," "Reviews and Notes," "The Lay Figure," "An Art School with a Standard," "In the Galleries," "Arthur B. Frielander," and "Spring Exhibitions" complete the contents of this issue. The plates are not up to the usual high standard.

\* \* \*

As the Graphic goes to press word comes that William Swift Daniell has leased the Blanchard Gallery for an indefinite period and next Monday will open a general exhibition of work by the best known artists of the southwest. A jury of local artists will pass upon all work shown.



# Social & Personal

June of 1912 has been even more of a favorite with brides than in previous years, and many are the smart weddings marked on the calendar for this season. Wednesday of the coming week will witness the marriage of Miss Ruth Burke, daughter of Mrs. Wellington Burke of Halldale avenue, to Mr. Stubert Biddle Stephens of Kansas City. Mr. Stephens will arrive in this city Sunday afternoon. Wednesday will also be the day of the marriage of Miss Katherine Kurtz, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Kurtz of Toberman street, to Mr. Raymond Joseph Wheeler of Stockton. Miss Irene McCray, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Allan McCray of Hollywood, will be married to Mr. Harold J. Heffron the latter part of the month, and Miss Hazel Barlow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allison Barlow of West Thirteenth street has chosen Wednesday, June 25, for her marriage to Mr. Kenyon Farrar Lee, while Miss May Catherine Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Smith of Hobart boulevard, will become the bride of Mr. Frank Edmund Martin June 29. Another June wedding is that which will take place June 29 and which will unite Miss Althea Salyer, daughter of Mrs. A. M. Salyer of La Salle avenue, and Mr. Frank P. Webber.

One of the most beautiful weddings of the season took place Wednesday noon at St. Paul's pro-cathedral when Miss Manonah Phelps Brizzolari, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William M. Brizzolari, became the bride of the Rev. David Todd Gilmor, curate of the church. Shasta daisies and masses of ferns were used in the church decorations and banked against the altar and chancel rail. A musical program was rendered by Mr. Ernest Douglas, the organist, and by the boy choir. The bride was gowned in heavy white satin, garnished with real lace and bead trimmings. Her tulle veil was fastened with orange blossoms, and she carried a shower of white roses. Mrs. Henry Thayer, sister of the bridegroom, acted as matron of honor and wore her own wedding gown of white satin and lace, and carried Cecile Brunner roses. Little Miss Charlotte and Miss Dorothy Brizzolari, twin sisters of the bride, were the flower girls and wore dainty white lace frocks and pink bows. The bridesmaids were Miss Elinor MacCormack, Miss Vera Lethrop, Miss Bertha Gay and Miss Marie Lindberg, who wore pink and white gowns and carried arm bouquets of Cecil Brunners. Mr. Grant Gilmor supported his brother as best man, and Mr. Brizzolari gave his daughter into the keeping of the groom. Ushers were M. J. L. Doty, Mr. Henry Thayer, Mr. Norman McPhail and Mr. William Shoup. The Right Rev. Joseph Horsfall Johnson and Dean William MacCormack performed the ceremony. Afterward a wedding breakfast was served at the Brizzolari home, 629 West Thirty-fifth street, where pink and white flowers were combined with ferns. After their wedding journey Rev. and Mrs. Gilmor will return to this city to make their home.

In honor of Colonel William May Garland, who just a year ago escorted them on his famous coast-to-coast automobile trip, Mr. R. I. Rogers, Mr. Richard Schweppe and Mr. Harry Gray entertained Tuesday evening with a dinner and dancing party. Col. Garland had expected to be guest at a "stag" affair, and the party was in the nature of a surprise. The centerpiece was a picturesque sand map showing the road traveled by the au-

tomobilists, and extended the entire length of the table. The evening was greatly enjoyed by Mrs. Garland, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Gray, Dr. and Mrs. Guy Cochran, Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Dr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Flint, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Chester Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Hook, Jr., Dr. and Mrs. Rae Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Russell McDonald Taylor, Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. McKee, Miss Louise Burke, Mr. Will Wolters and Mr. Carlton Burke.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Patton and Miss Anita Patton of San Gabriel are enjoying a visit in the east.

Mrs. William Henry Anderson of Lakeview avenue, Venice, entertained Tuesday afternoon with an at home in honor of Prince and Princess Lazarovich Hrebellianovich. Shasta daisies were used for the decorations, and the curtains throughout the house were drawn and the rooms illumined with softly shaded electric bulbs. Miss Anderson and Princess Lazarovich assisted the hostess in receiving the five hundred guests who attended, and Miss Gwendolyn Mettleship and Mrs. B. C. Corbett poured chocolate, while little Miss Eleanor Anderson had charge of the punch bowl.

Mrs. George Henry Rector and Mrs. Frederick Webb entertained Thursday afternoon with a bridge tea at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Pink roses were utilized for the decorations, and about one hundred and twenty-five guests accepted invitations. Assisting the hostesses were Mrs. H. H. Miller, Mrs. B. F. Bailey, Mrs. Will Saurret, Mrs. J. C. Brown, Mrs. P. W. Breese and Miss Maude Elizabeth Richards.

Mrs. Samuel Haskins of Orchard avenue has returned from a trip to the Yosemite.

Mrs. Edward C. Bellows of 1422 Gramercy Place will give a luncheon Tuesday afternoon at the Los Angeles Country Club as a compliment to those who have been associated with her during her presidency of the Ebell Club. Covers will be laid for Mrs. John H. Francis, Mrs. Lewis Clarke Carlisle, Mrs. Edwin A. Curtis, Mrs. Malone Joyce, Mrs. Francis Pierpont Davis, Mrs. James Sears Montague, Mrs. Sidney J. Parsons, Mrs. Frederick Warren Johnson, Mrs. Fred Beau De Zart, Mrs. William Reid, Mrs. E. C. Dieter, Mrs. W. L. Jones, Mrs. James Warren Holder, Mrs. Willits J. Hole, Mrs. W. S. Bartlett, Mrs. Reuben Shettler, Mrs. William H. Jamison, Mrs. W. W. Orcutt, Mrs. Philip G. Hubert, Mrs. B. N. Pratt, Mrs. Allison Barlow, Mrs. Carl L. Doran, Mrs. C. C. Cottle, Mrs. Samuel McClure, Mrs. W. S. Lysle, Mrs. Walter C. Vallikett, Miss Winifred Waite and Miss May Neill.

Mrs. Eugene S. Ives of Shorb gave a beautifully appointed luncheon last Thursday afternoon as a compliment to her aunt, Mrs. J. F. Waggaman. Covers were placed for twelve.

Mrs. Leslie R. Hewitt of 1212 South Alvarado street was hostess at a big reception yesterday afternoon, given in honor of Mrs. I. N. Pratt who will leave Los Angeles to make her home in San Francisco. Pink gladioli and sweet pease were used in the interior decorations, and the garden, which is blooming with yellow flowers, was hung with baskets of yellow blossoms. Assisting Mrs. Hewitt were Mrs. Allison Barlow, Mrs. George Brock, Mrs. Lewis Clark Carlisle, Mrs. R. W. Dromgold, Mrs. R. A. Perez, Mrs. William



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Macdonald, Mrs. Clarence Variel, Mrs. Joseph C. Wilson, Mrs. Winchester, Mrs. G. H. Mosher, Miss Lane, Miss Mabel Clute, Miss Katherine Pratt and Miss Mildred McClure.

Mrs. Harrison C. Henrich and her mother, Mrs. Frederick M. Henrich, gave an elaborate bridge luncheon Wednesday afternoon for eighty guests, at their home on West Adams street. American Beauty roses in tall vases were used in the reception rooms, the dining room and halls were in red, and the Oriental den was in green foliage. Each table had a centerpiece of summer blossoms, and each place was marked with a corsage bouquet corresponding with the flowers. Prizes for the winners were sketches by Mr. Henrich, who is a well known artist. Assisting the hostess were Mrs. George W. Signor and Mrs. C. J. Gilbert.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Clark Carlisle of 674 Ardmore avenue have opened their pretty summer home at Terminal Island, which is the scene of many merry week-end parties.

Miss Virginia Nourse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Nourse of Berkeley Square, was hostess at a tea given this week in compliment to Miss Madeline King, who recently returned from school in the East, and for Miss Marie Bobrick, whose engagement to Mr. Alfred Wright was recently announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney A. Butler of Coronado street have gone to Yosemite for a short stay.

Mrs. Horace Montague of Alhambra and her interesting children will leave this morning for a visit in the East.

Mrs. E. V. Martindale of 636 Lucas avenue presided at a Wednesday afternoon musicale, and will entertain with a similar affair this afternoon. Roses and Matilija poppies, grouped in large bowls, formed the decorations for the Wednesday musicale. Those who contributed to the entertaining program

were Mrs. Grace Widney Mabey, soprano; Miss Margaret Goetz, contralto; Mrs. Fred Selwyn Lang, reader; Mrs. Sidney B. Webb, violinist; Mrs. Celeste Nellis Ryus, pianist; Mrs. Gertrude Ross, pianist; Mrs. Martindale, organist; Mr. Edward Martindale, flute, and Mr. Harold Martindale, 'cello.

Mrs. Dwight Satterlee of 812 South Burlington avenue, will give a musicale reception Tuesday afternoon, to which members of the Woman's Press Club and a number of prominent society folk have been bidden. Miss Esther Pallister, who recently came here from Europe, will be the guest of honor, and, with Mrs. Leonora Tier as accompanist, will render a program.

Mrs. J. T. Fitzgerald of West Adams and Western avenue will entertain Wednesday afternoon with a garden party. The Fitzgerald grounds are laid out in the form of Italian gardens, and are one of the "show" places of Los Angeles, so that the affair will have an unusually beautiful setting.

Mrs. Robert Pierce Sherman and her sister, Mrs. E. W. Wurtsbaugh, entertained Tuesday afternoon with a bridge luncheon at the Los Angeles Country Club. In the dining room English cornflowers were used, centerpieces for the small tables being formed of the blue blossoms. In the lounging room great bowls of gladioli were placed in every corner, and in the cardrooms masses of pink roses were utilized. Mrs. N. H. Foster, mother of the hostesses, assisted them in receiving. Mrs. Wurtsbaugh, who is the wife of Lieut.-Commander Wurtsbaugh, U. S. N., is visiting her mother, and later will enjoy a stay with Mr. and Mrs. Sherman, who are at the Palisades, Santa Monica, for the summer.

Miss Adele Lefevre, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. Lefevre of West Thirty-ninth street, was married Tuesday evening to Mr. George Edgar Davis, son of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Davis.



The wedding took place at the Ebell club house, which was lavishly decorated for the occasion. The bride wore white satin with orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley. Miss Laura Lefevre, who acted as maid of honor for her sister, wore crepe meteor draped with heavy cream lace, and carried an arm bouquet of Cecil Bruners. The bridesmaids, Miss Lottie Whitmore, Miss Margaret Griesmer and Miss Edna Lefevre, wore pink satin with marquisette tunics, and carried pink sweet peas, and little Miss Evelyn Lefevre was also attired in pink, and carried a basket of pink rose petals which she scattered in the path of the bridal party. Mr. Howard Davis assisted his brother as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Arthur Coover, Mr. J. D. Corison and Mr. William Schroeder. Supper was served in the patio, after which the bride and groom left for a trip through the North. They will make their home in this city and have taken a house on Santa Barbara avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Royal M. Boothe of 1515 Crenshaw boulevard entertained with a bridge party Tuesday evening in celebration of their fifth anniversary. Twelve tables were arranged, and decorations were in pink sweet peas.

Leaving here June 24, and sailing June 26 from San Francisco will be a party of Los Angelons composed of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Gates, Miss Verna Gates, Miss Cornelia Gates, Mr. P. G. Gates, Miss Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Thompson, Miss Hanlon, Miss Rachel Jamison, Judge and Mrs. A. E. Silverwood, Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Hughes, and Mr. and Mrs. E. Scott. They will tour New Zealand and Australia, and other points under the auspices of the steamship department of the Citizens' Trust & Savings Bank.


Captain Llewellyn Wigmore and Mrs. Wigmore of Washington, D. C., have been guests this week of Mr. and Mrs. George Wigmore of Thompson street. Captain Wigmore has been ordered to Japan, where he is an attache of the American Legation, and he and Mrs. Wigmore will sail this morning.

One of the recent weddings of interest was that of Miss Vera Shepherd to Mr. J. D. Huston of Imperial. The young couple are enjoying an automobile trip through the north, and on their return will be the guests of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Huston of West Adams street.

Miss Leila Morrison, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morrison of 1263 West street became the bride of Mr. Roger Leavitt Rice Thursday evening, the groom's brother, Rev. Maxwell Rice of Salt Lake City having charge of the service. The bridal robe was of white crepe meteor and real lace, and the shower bouquet was of lilies of the valley. Miss Mary Crowell, maid of honor wore pink satin and carried pink roses and little Katherine Morrison, in white embroidery, scattered rose petals. Mr. Wayland Morrison served as best man. After their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Rice will be at home at 933 Western avenue.

Mrs. H. K. Williamson, who recently returned from a trip around the world, held an informal at home yesterday afternoon, her sisters, Mrs. R. B. Williamson and Mrs. A. L. Sendail, assisting her.

Mrs. Willits J. Hole of West Sixth street gave a luncheon Tuesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Edward C. Belows, retiring president of the Ebell Club, and also in compliment to Mrs. William L. Jones, her successor. Three luncheon tables were arranged, each table having a centerpiece of pink sweet peas in Japanese baskets. Places were marked with monogrammed cards for Mrs. J. H. Francis, Mrs. E. A. Curtis, Mrs. W. C. Lewis, Mrs. J. B. Millard, Mrs. Frank A. Kling, Mrs.



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## Household Show

June 17<sup>th</sup> - 29<sup>th</sup> Inclusive

A unique exposition comprising demonstrations and exhibitions of all that is novel and really interesting in the line of household utensils and housekeeping methods.

AMONG the attractions of this Household Show will be exploitations of the astonishing advantages of all sorts of electric cooking utensils, new kinds of molds, slicers, etc., fireless cookers, percolators, chafing dishes, aluminum ware and other practical innovations.

*Every housekeeper in Southern California should visit this Household Show as it means an education along the line of all that is best and newest. Parmelee-Dohrmann Company feel that they occupy the position of being duty bound to show all these novelties first.*

Sumner P. Hunt, Mrs. Sidney J. Parsons, Mrs. J. H. Montague, Mrs. F. W. Johnson, Mrs. William Read, Mrs. James W. Holder, Mrs. Reuben Shettler, Mrs. Fred S. Lang, Mrs. Lewis Clark Carlisle, Mrs. E. W. Martindale, Mrs. George A. Brock, Mrs. J. T. Fitzgerald, Mrs. W. W. Orcutt, Mrs. William C. Jamison, Miss Mattie Wilson, and Miss Charlotte Rockwell.

Mrs. Willis Booth will leave next week for a stay at Lake Tahoe, and will be joined later by Mr. Booth.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Flint of 20 Chester place have returned to this city after a year passed in traveling abroad.

Mrs. Walter Miller Clark has given up her home at 2155 West Adams street, and with her mother, Mrs. A. C. McDowell, has taken apartments at the Mayfair, St. James Park.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Harrison of Kingsley Drive have returned from a visit to the Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert George Livingston of Pasadena announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Charlotte Livingston, to Mr. David Fleming Robertson. The ceremony took place Sunday, and was performed by the Rev. J. Whitcomb Brougher in his study at the Temple Auditorium. Mr. and Mrs. Robertson are at home at 725 West Forty-seventh street, and will start September 15 on a trip around the world, which is the seventh for Mr. Robertson. The marriage is the happy climax of a romance begun when Mr. Robertson was conducting a party around the world, Miss Livingston and her parents being members of the group. Mr. Robertson is manager of the steamship department of the Citizens' Trust and Savings Bank.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Agnes Galt Barnwell, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barnwell, to Mr. Arthur William Saunders of St. Paul, Minn. As yet no date has been decided upon for the wedding.

Among the Los Angelons sailing today for summer trips through Europe are Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Workman and Miss Workman, who left recently for New York, and Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Macleish of Kingsley drive. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Raymond of Hotel Raymond, South Pasadena, leave today for New York, accompanied by their two

children, Miss Mildred Raymond and Master Arthur Raymond, and will sail soon after for the old country.

Mrs. Walter Bordwell and Miss Helen Bordwell of 2023 West Twenty-fourth street, returned Saturday from a twelve months' trip around the world. Others in the same party were Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Eaton and family, Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Miller, Judge and Mrs. J. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wilson, and Mr. and Mrs. David Watson. They visited Europe, Egypt, Ceylon, Burmah, Java, India, China, Japan, the Philippines, etc., and were presented at the Coronation Durbar at Delhi.

This is a remarkable year for travel, and daily the number of outgoing Los Angelans increases. Among those booked recently by Thos. Cook & Son are Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Edwards and Miss Gertrude Edwards of Normandie avenue and Mr. W. E. Youle and Miss May Youle, who will pass several months in England and on the continent. They sail from New York, June 15, going by way of the Mediterranean. Another congenial party which also sails June 15 is composed of Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Kornblum of 966 Westmoreland place, and Mr. and Mrs. S. Blum of Covina, will visit the various art, cultural and commercial centers of Europe. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Doak of Pasadena, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Post, the Misses Gladys and Etta Post and Mr. and Mrs. John Post will sail July 18 for Egypt and the Holy Land. Mr. and Mrs. Roy F. Benton will sail June 26 for Honolulu and the Hawaiian Islands, and Miss Margaret Burkhalter of Scarff street and Miss Beatrice Gavagan will join the "Arcadian" Norway cruise from Leith July 28. Other passengers booked for Europe at this office are the Misses Katherine Dyer and Edna Ames, Mary Harland and Lida Price, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Barker, Mr. Harold Chalton, Mr. W. W. Cue, Mr. E. A. Underwood, Mrs. E. Poyner and Mrs. Ann Ainsworth.

#### Angelenos to Tour the World

A large party of Angelenos will leave June 24, July 5, August 10, September 14 and October 10 under the auspices of D. F. Robertson, manager Steamship Dept. Citizens Trust and Savings Bank, 308-310 South Broadway, Los Angeles.

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#### Widow of Noted Pioneer Passes

Mrs. Susan Shaw Tufts, widow of the late John Q. Tufts, died at her summer home in Ocean Park last Thursday night. She was a pioneer member of the Irving Club, a woman's study club of twenty years' standing, and was prominent in the Friday Morning Club for fifteen years. She leaves seven children—Edward B. Tufts, William A. Tufts, Roy M. Tufts, Mrs. T. A. Sanson, Mrs. R. N. Frick and Mrs. A. B. Cass. The funeral was private, and her grandsons, Frank, Philip, Louis, Donald, Quincy Cass and Percy Lyon, were pall bearers.



# Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

Kolb and Dill have come back, both in the literal sense of the words and in the slang of the moment. Crowded houses are greeting them at the Majestic theater this week, in their latest production, "The Girl in the Train." The comedy itself is not worth even faint praise, but the audience does not care for that so long as the lean and lanky Kolb and the genial, chubby Dill disport themselves in oldtime fashion. This inimitable team is better than ever—in their own brand of comedy the partners are unexcelled. The mere sight of Dill's rotundity, his infantile smile, his air of innocence abroad, sent Monday night's audience into such hysterics of laughter, that his speech

the songs and the individual excellence of the principals are the things that make the production a success.

## Melodrama at the Orpheum

Eret Harte's Western idyll, "Sue," is presented in sketch form at the Orpheum this week, as "The Sheriff of Shasta," by Theodore Roberts, who assumes the title role. Florence Smythe, a former stock favorite here, is also in the cast. Roberts does not make the success of the character that past performances have led us to anticipate. There are moments when one feels that he is "striking his gait" and will give us that deft delineation of which he is capable, but he immediately disappoints with a stagy trick of histrionism. The character itself is rather an offensive one, and to be played well its repulsion should be suggested rather than brought out with broad black



CECIL LEAN AND FLORENCE HOLBROOK, AT THE ORPHEUM

of acknowledgment had to wait until the tempest had spent itself. Kolb is one of the most graceful dancers—for a long man—that the local stage has seen, and with winsome Olga Stech, whose terpsichorean evolutions are the personification of grace, he captures a goodly share of the honors. Little Miss Stech has too much in her favor to mar it by affectation of speech and manner. Her voice is better than ever, her dancing is exquisite, and she costumes herself with excellent taste, yet she comes dangerously near to spoiling the good effect by unnatural mannerisms. Florence Gear should also take a word of warning to talk naturally and not attempt to be "cute" in her dialogue. She is too good an actress, as well as a prima donna, to be kittenish. Edwin Wilson as Karel Van Myrtens, also proves his skill as a dancer, and there are other parts well done. The chorus is large and fairly pulchritudinous, the costuming and staging is excellent and the song numbers are many—in fact

strokes. More than a line is due the staging of the playlet. Ray Cox, also a headliner, is a "somewhat different" comedienne. Her fun-making is uncouth—as rough as her voice, but she has a way with her, and her songs are calculated to please the vaudeville palate to a finish. Her aeroplane monologue threatens to send her audiences into spasms of mirth. A good feature of Miss Cox's work is the whole-souled way in which she endeavors to make her points. She works hard, and her reward is commensurate, for she is the favorite of the bill. The Six Kirk-Smith Sisters have a pretty act, rendering music of the popular sort. The girls are well costumed, all of them pleasing to the eye, and their performance gives mild pleasure to the ear. Maxine Brothers, tumblers, do a number of difficult feats, assisted by a marvelous fox terrier—an excellent comedian. Mlle. Fregoleska gives a charming program this week, better suited to her coloratura than that she offered last

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week. The Four Holloways. Stuart Barnes, and Dinkelspiel's Christmas are holdovers. The Orpheum orchestra, under the direction of Frankenstein, is always one of the features of the week to music lovers.

## Offerings For Next Week

Patrons of the Belasco theater will see the first western production of "The Man Between," the week beginning Monday night. "The Man Between" is by Rupert Hughes, whose comedy, "Excuse Me" was one of the successes of the local season. In its original form it was known as "The Bridge," and was used for starring purposes by Guy Bates Post. In the Belasco presentation Lewis S. Stone will succeed to the Post part. The cast will also include Muriel Starr and Bessie Barriscale, who will make her reappearance on the Belasco stage after a month's absence. "The Man Between" has to do with the sham of class distinctions in this country, and illustrates the spanning of the social gulf that lies between the nation's pseudo-aristocracy and the toilers who do the vital things. Incidentally, the play touches in a new way on interesting phases of the conflict between capital and labor. "The Man Between" gives every promise of being one of the year's biggest successes, and will give Mr. Stone exceptional opportunity for his distinctive work.

"Peg o' My Heart," with Laurette Taylor in the chief part, continues such a popular attraction with the patrons of the Burbank theater that the management finds it necessary to keep it on for a fourth week, beginning with the Sunday matinee. Mr. Manners' comedy is a clean and wholesome play, and its humor is not even tinged with suggestion—which is an achievement for modern comedy. The Burbank has enjoyed a series of crowded houses ever since the first performance of "Peg o' My Heart," and this pleasing condition promises to continue as the advance sale for the fourth week is larger than ever before. The members of the Burbank stock company are preparing for the first production on any stage of another new play by Mr. Manners, entitled "Barbaraza," which is entirely unlike "Peg O' My Heart." It will enlist the services of Miss Taylor and the regular forces and will introduce Forrest Stanley after a month's vacation.

Kolb and Dill in "The Girl in the Train" have made such a success of their first week that a second week has become necessary. Capacity audiences have greeted every performance of these funmakers. Since their first appearance at the Majestic last Sun-

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day night, there has been a long line of seat buyers constantly in front of the box office, and it is estimated that as many people were turned away as witnessed the production. The comedy is full of the Kolb and Dill brand of fun, and its music is excellent. For the second production of their limited engagement at the Majestic, Kolb and Dill will offer their new edition of that old favorite, "The Politicians."

Another of the snappy Cohan shows is the announcement made for the Fischer Follies Company. "The Man Who Owns Broadway" opens at the Lyceum Sunday matinee, June 16. This is the story of David Garrick brought down to date, with injections of the Cohan humor, patter, talky songs and dancing. May Boley will be found in a congenial part, and Texas Guinan comes back to the cast after a long absence. James Urban and Laura Oakley will also be seen at their best. Bob Lett has the role played by Raymond Hitchcock, and Madison Smith will be cast in a straight part. Other members of the company will find room for their talents in the parts assigned them. The chorus will keep themselves in the public eye throughout the entire performance. Lon Chaney having arranged several of his best dance numbers. The scenery and costuming will also be of unusual brilliance. The usual Sunday and Saturday matinees will be given.



and the "two bit" bargain matinee Wednesday afternoon will continue to be a feature.

Cecil Lean and Florence Holbrook are joint headliners on the Orpheum bill opening Monday matinee, June 17. They are recruits from musical comedy and are best known for their work in "Bright Eyes" and "The Three Twins." They have a line of chatter-songs, which they originated and which are said to be exceedingly clever. Miss Holbrook also has a wardrobe which it is said will make the women "sit up and take notice." Another notable newcomer is Camille Ober, whose vocal range is greater than that of any other singer. Mlle. Ober has been seen here before, but she has had the benefit of much study since her first appearance. She will present a number of songs of varied character. The Saytons, in "The Land of the Crocodile" will present the first contortion act that the new Orpheum has seen. The two men imitate saurians, while the woman poses as a hunter. The Paulhan team comes with a new diversion—football on bicycles. Theodore Roberts and his company, Ray Cox, the Six Kirksmiths and the Maxine Brothers and Bobby are the holdovers. Next week the Orpheum will celebrate its anniversary with a bill of unusual excellence.

#### Digging Up a Greek City

Christian Herald: Fortunately, in visiting Corinth today, we can come a little nearer to the city as St. Paul saw it than if the squalid Greek village which now occupies its site were all that we could see. This indeed was almost all that could be seen a few years ago, when the American School of Archeology undertook to lay bare some of Corinth's ancient glories. In 1896 their excavations were begun, and have been richly rewarded. It has been no easy task to dig down through layer after layer of superimposed ruins. Romans, Sicilians, Venetians, Turks, in the successive occupations, had done their best to obliterate all traces of the old Corinth. They had carried off the marbles and the noble statues, and had built these stones, defaced and dishonored, into the walls of their fortresses or their pigsties. Going through a wicket gate which admits to the ruins, we come first to a marble-paved street which led from the market place toward the western harbor of Corinth on the gulf. This was once flanked with colonnades, and behind these on one side are the ruins of sixteen shops. It is known for a certainty that this marble-paved street and these shops belong to the First century of our era. If the water were still running, we might even drink at the fountain, which has also been discovered. To the right, as we face the fountain, on a low hill is the most interesting ruin of Corinth—the great temple, probably dedicated to Apollo. Originally this temple had fifteen massive columns on each side and six at each end, but only seven of them are standing today. They are hewn out of a single rock. To record the fact that each column was over twenty-three feet high, nearly six feet in diameter at the base and over four feet at the top gives but a faint idea of this magnificent temple, which, in Corinth's days of splendor, was probably her most conspicuous building, as it is now her most magnificent ruin.

#### Headlines Under Criticism

Boston Herald: Thomas Hardy, deploring the "appalling increase of slipshod writing," points to American newspapers. "Their influence has been strongly apparent of late years in our English newspapers, where one often now meets headlines in staring capitals that are phrases of no language whatever, often incomprehensible at a casual glance." Mr. Hardy should not judge American newspapers by the imitations made and sold in London.

The cocktail in New York and other large cities of the United States, when skillfully compounded, may best be defined by the poet's line: "Infinite riches in a little room," and one (possibly two) will do you no harm. The cocktail offered in "American bars" of London and Paris has been for years a vile compound worse even than the kind in Boston that tastes and smells like a barber's shop. Writing headlines is an art, and they that master it have their reward in this world. Too often the headlines of the slow-witted or irresponsible serve only to contradict flatly the statements of news or opinion that follow. Thus if a dramatic critic should say that a play were piffle and coolly received, the man at the desk would tell the reader next morning that the play was deeply interesting and "scored a hit." The ideal headlines should at once awaken interest, stimulate curiosity and at the same time state the one essential fact. A slang phrase, when used by an artist in words, is often of more weight as a summary or a comment than all the sentences of exposition and conclusion. In the Seventies the headlines of the Chicago Times were famous throughout this country. They were generally witty, often daring, occasionally blasphemous or indecent. No one, however much he disapproved, could refrain from smiling or "laughing right out loud," and there were men in eastern cities who took the Chicago Times for the sake of the headlines alone. But the presiding genius tired; he fell into the vice of alliteration; he would sometimes pun; and, as it is with all earthly things, the glory departed.

#### Printers of Today and Yesterday

Kansas City Journal: Of all skilled craftsmen the present-day "printers" are unquestionably at the head in individual intelligence and in collective conservatism and fairness in their dealings with their employers. Their standard of unionism is probably higher than that of any other labor organization, and for that reason there is less friction between employe and employer than is the case, probably, with any other branch of organized labor. Individual instances of unfairness are uniformly condemned by the national and international authorities, and the "word" of a typographical union comes about as near being as good as its "bond" as that of any in the whole realm of organized labor. The "printer" of today follows a trade that is not very far from a profession. It would be a reflection upon his intelligence if he did not avail himself of the educational opportunities that are inherent and inescapable in the course of his duties. The "trade" itself has progressed at a very rapid rate, and the mechanical status of the newspaper of today is as far superior to that of twenty-five years ago as is the linotype compositor of today superior to the wandering "print" of the good old days. The peripatetic "character" who has furnished uncounted columns of myth and fable, anecdote and "yarn," has for the most part passed away, and the modern printer is not the more or less merry roysterer who was wont to drift in on the break beam and drift out in the "side-door Pullman." The modern printer is sober, industrious and gentlemanly. In this world his is the immortality that belongs to those who live in fellow men enlightened and made better for their living, and as for the next world his comrades may "turn a rule" in reverent confidence that the best part of the "story" is to come.

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Broadway, near Ninth. LOS ANGELES' LEADING PLAYHOUSE Oliver Morosco, Manager

Beginning Sunday Night, June 16,

## KOLB AND DILL

Present Themselves in

## The Girl in the Train

SECOND CROWDED WEEK.

Morosco-Blackwood Co.,  
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### BELASCO THEATER

Matinee Thursday, Saturday  
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Beginning Monday Night, June 17,

LEWIS S. STONE and the Belasco company in the big drama,

## The Man Between

Reappearance of BESSIE BARRISCALE.

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wood Co., Props.  
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Main Street,  
Near Sixth,

BEGINNING SUNDAY MATINEE, JUNE 16, 1912.

Laurette Taylor and the Burbank company in the fourth big week of Hartley

Manner's new comedy,

## "PEG O' MY HEART"

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Geo. Cohan's smart metropolitan musical melange,

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### NEW MISSION THEATER---San Gabriel

Every Afternoon at 2:30—Every Night, Except Sunday at 8:15.  
EIGHTH BIG WEEK OF THIS GREAT DRAMATIC SUCCESS  
John S. McGroarty's great drama of Franciscan romances and glory

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With the  
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Seats selling at Bartlett Music House, S. Broadway, and San Gabriel Box Office. Phones: Sunset, Alhambra 1983; Home, San Gabriel 239. Prices, 50c, 75c and \$1.00. Reached by Motor Boulevard and Pacific Electric trains.



## Women Writers of Southern California in Early 90's

Twenty years ago Ella Sterling Cummins of San Francisco prepared for the press a review of California writers and literature which she called "The Story of the Files," its purpose being mainly to preserve the names, pictures and histories of the Coast writers of long ago, many of whom are now almost forgotten. With the great fire of 1906 copies of the edition that chanced to remain unsold were destroyed and only a few remain. One copy is in the possession of the editor of The Graphic and of Southern California women writers then known to fame a sketch was contributed by Emma Leckie Marshall. In a preface the editor of the "Story of the Files" observes that "in the southern part of California is growing up a distinct school of writers. . . . Los Angeles is now raising her own feminine plants of literature and takes great pride in them. The women have invaded journalism, and successfully, in that beautiful land of the orange and olive. Of these writers it is said:

Jeanne C. Carr of Pasadena has been and is a prominent educationalist, and for twenty years has been a contributor, mostly on educational subjects, to the standard magazines of the country. The following is an extract from a private letter and expressive of her personality:

"Our early successes in education were in the East, and largely (at least I so regard them) in opening the higher institutions to women, and in developing practical training for after usefulness as a leading part of the higher education.

"The history of philanthropy has no such illuminated pages as those furnished by the present century."

Alice Moore McComas of Los Angeles is prominently connected with all works pertaining to the progress and benefit of womankind, is president of the Woman's Suffrage Club of Los Angeles, and was largely instrumental in securing to the city of Los Angeles one of its finest parks. She has been identified for several years with various newspapers, both as an editorial and space writer. She has written many charming essays and poems, and is associate editor of the Pacific Household Journal.

"The old expression 'Brave men and pure women' should become obsolete, and in its stead we should have 'Brave men and brave women, pure men and pure women.'"

Mrs. Mary C. Bowman of Los Angeles, for many years one of the editors and proprietors of the Santa Paula Chronicle, is a vigorous champion of women, and was one of the two women members of the Southern California Editorial Association.

"Why will women allow their impulses to get the advantage of their really sound judgment and natural good sense?"

Miss Louise A. Off of Los Angeles, editor of the New Californian, a magazine devoted to Psychology and Theosophy, published in Los Angeles, though a young woman, is a brilliant writer and eminently fitted by education and study to fill the difficult editorial position she holds.

"Every true artist carries within the depth of his soul a creed, which, though not exactly apostolic, is to him a sacred and satisfying condition."

"We believe that there is but one Eternal Truth, having many aspects, and that every honest mind reflects one of them, like the numerous facets of one precious stone."

Mrs. Mary Harte, secretary of the Southern California Science Society Association, was at one time one of

the proprietors and editors of the Pacific Monthly, a literary magazine published in Los Angeles. She has been prominently identified with the science and historical societies of Southern California, and has furnished much statistical matter for the various journals. Mrs. Harte is now connected with the Historical Exhibit of the California Commission in Chicago.

Mrs. Burton Williamson is a well-known authority on conchology, and her writings and lectures on this subject have been full of interest and information. She is also an enthusiastic member of the Historical Society of Southern California.

"There are women fitted by nature to do the honors, so to speak, but the ones who do the work are they of whom little is seen, less heard, but much expected."

Mrs. Eliza A. Otis is one of the most prolific writers of the age, and poetry, description, pathos and comedy seem to roll with like ease from her facile pen. She is one of the principal writers on the staff of the Los Angeles Times.

"Perfect character is a thing of growth, and there are many things that are essential to its formation.

"Drudgery and poverty and disappointment are sometimes the chisel held by the divine sculptor to chip away what is shapeless and imperfect and unsightly in the human character, and by means of which it is molded into beauty and perfectness."

Miss Anna C. Murphy of Los Angeles is a young writer, but her stories and descriptive articles in the standard magazines of the country have attracted considerable attention. She will be better known in the near future.

"Here are river galleries hung close with copies from Nature."

Jessie Benton Fremont of Los Angeles, whose name, blending with that of her brave soldier husband, is music to the ears of every old Californian, is a lively character, a charming companion and a graceful writer. There is no name better known in the Pacific States, and her pen has delighted scores of readers in every state with the magic power of reminiscence and description.

Madge Morris of San Diego is the wife of Herr Wagner, a well-known educationist and writer. At present she is the editor of the Golden Era, which was the first literary paper published on the Coast and which was moved to San Diego about seven years ago. Madge Morris is a prolific writer, and some of her gems of verse are known far and wide. She has written novels, stories and poetry for many periodicals.

See poem "The Wheat of San Joaquin" in September Californian. I think that characteristic.

Clara Spaulding Brown of Los Angeles has for years been a contributor to the best Pacific Coast publications. She is authority on matters pertaining to horticultural interests, and a thoughtful yet vigorous writer.

"There is need of a more intelligent motherhood."

"No one is quicker than a child to detect injustice, or more easily helped by an encouraging word."

Dorothea Lummis is a practicing physician in Los Angeles and a wide-awake, progressive, brilliant woman. She has gained a wide reputation by her satirical writings and quaint stories. She is a student of human nature, and faithfully depicts the result of her studies. She has contributed to the best periodicals in the country and every line she writes is read with interest.

Mrs. Enderline of Los Angeles is one of the finest descriptive writers of Southern California, and the dainty souvenir brochures she has prepared

descriptive of some of the charming spots of that section are perfect gems in their way. Her writing may truly be styled pen painting.

Rose Hartwick Thorpe of San Diego is probably not so well known as is her famous poem, "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight." She has written many charming bits of verse, and is also a writer of pleasing stories. She has a quiet, dignified presence and an attractive personality.

Mrs. Caroline M. Severance of Los Angeles is a vigorous writer, and has been a prominent and untiring worker in all matters of progress and public benefit; she is thoroughly identified with all the good works of the city. She is president of the Woman's Exchange Association, and an active worker for its advantage. Mrs. Severance was a collaborator with Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony in preparing their work on "Woman Suffrage."

Mrs. M. F. C. Hall-Wood, for years one of the editors of the Santa Paula Independent, is a stirring editorial and a graceful descriptive writer. She has published a dainty volume of poems that are as charming as a breeze from the sea whence she drew her inspiration. "Camilla K. von K." is the pen name of Mrs. Hall-Wood.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Lawrence is a contributor to various papers which are radical in their character, and her writings are strong and to the point. She is at present engaged in writing a poem on Southern California for the Southern California World's Fair Association.

### Why Pupils Leave School

Pittsburg Dispatch: Reference was made several weeks ago to the fact that in New York the public school authorities were exercised over exactly the same problems as those which have been brought to the attention of Pittsburg by Superintendent Heeter, the failure of the educational system to meet the requirements of the individual pupil. A committee of the New York High School Teachers' Association has been looking into the causes which led more than 3000 pupils to abandon their studies in three of the New York high schools in one year. The first assumption, that the circumstances of parents requiring them to withdraw their children from school in order to secure their assistance in breadwinning would be found the chief cause, is shown to be an error. Such children, it was learned, seldom attempt to continue in high school. On the other hand, a large proportion quit high school because they despaired of profiting by it by being better fitted for the work they intended to follow. Others left because of mental incapacity to follow the courses, too much home work, because they believed they could be more quickly and practically rounded out in business or preparatory schools, lack of flexibility of courses to capacity or tastes of pu-

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pils, lack of system in discovering the abilities of pupils, and absence of short courses to meet the urgent economic needs of the students. This exhibit strongly supports Mr. Heeter's contentions and shows the need for a keener discrimination in the proportion of theoretical and practical studies if the public schools are to serve their greatest end, the education of children for the work they have to do in the world.

### It Pays to be Good

Council Bluffs Nonpareil: The magnificent victory of Senator Kenyon in the primary Monday emphasizes the fact anew that it pays to be good. Kenyon has made a splendid record in Washington. He is personally a clean, capable man. Because of these things he has withstood in Iowa a really brilliant and forceful attack of an opposition. Young put up a strong campaign. Had the foundation on which he sought to rear his structure of political fortune been sound, his campaign would surely have been crowned with victory, or at least near victory. But the foundation was not of that texture which stands the test of rigorous inspection, and the whole structure is now down in a shapeless heap. Kenyon is one of the prominent men in the senate opposing Lorimer and Stephenson. These men will get no solace from the returns from Iowa. Kenyon is firm in his support of temperance legislation. The liquor interests will get no satisfaction from his big victory. The grafters and those who profit by unfair privilege have in Kenyon a wise opponent and in their camp there will be no joy over those returns. The people of the whole country, looking upon political parties as instrumentalities for the promotion of good government, will be heartened and strengthened in the faith that the Republican party is at heart sound and worthy of a large measure of confidence because of the character of the men it puts forward and sustains. Kenyon himself will be strengthened in the course he is pursuing. It was a great victory, in which Kenyon, good government, sound principles and the people all won.



# Books

"Whispers About Women" suggests racy gossip, which, usually, if not positively malicious, is at least anything but elevating; and certainly the members of a "Stage Door Club" would find ample opportunity for many such sittings. But Leonard Merrick's "whispers" do not convey any such impression, although they all concern Bohemia; there is rather a minimizing of that phase of the artists' world. He does not trouble himself as to questions of the correctness of the ethics of his characters. He takes it for granted every one accepts the view that there is no good or evil; it is simply a curious, a humorous or an incongruous situation incident to or probable of occurrence in Bohemia that occupies his attention. Mr. Blackstone, the man with a past of literary and dramatic ambitions, re-lives the experiences of "Robert Lawless," when he attends rehearsals at Manchester and entertains Miss Wilson and the other girl at tea, quite as unconcerned as though such parties were an everyday affair in the average staid English lawyer's life. The fickle loves of Pitou and Tricotrin do not excite the least shock. A persistent and delicious humor like unto O. Henry's mocking attitude toward certain potential tragedies dependent upon the minds of the chief actors, scoffs at all seriousness. "The Tragedy of the Comic Song" is not that Pitou and Tricotrin love in vain and waste their talents on the faithless Paulette; it is that "Johnny of the stalis" fares worse, in a manner as unexpected as it is ironically funny. "The Bishop's Comedy" is so in more senses than one. It is the real commonsense and biting truth in it that makes it so good. Aldrich has it thus:

Some weep because they part,  
And languish broken-hearted,  
And others—O my heart!—  
Because they never parted.

The faithless bishop is properly punished by both women finding him out. Quite different the "Infidelity of Monsieur Noulens." Again in "A Very Good Thing for the Girl" there is much unexpressed philosophy of optimism, the more striking because unconsciously drawn. "The Third M" is pure fun-making, most cleverly employing reincarnation. It will make every baby more interesting to the reader. But "The Woman Who Wished to Die," because she wanted to put on pretty things before she was old and to "live" a little, but might not, "A Letter to the Duchess," telling the unhappy love affair of an artist, and "The Tale that Wouldn't Do," because it was too somberly true, are petty tragedies that belong to the realm of tears. It is in the first of this trio that Merrick says characteristically "To go to Brussels is like calling on the sister of the woman one is in love with. Brussels in Paris provincialized." The atmosphere of the theater and the spirit of the spinner of successful short stories saturates every one of the fifteen whimsical inventions. ("Whispers About Women." By Leonard Merrick. Mitchell Kennerley.)

## "Essentials of Socialism"

To attempt to treat the subject of socialism accurately and impartially is to court misunderstanding and general acrimonious feeling, both on the part of the opponents and the advocates of the system. The former will repudiate him quite as bitterly and

scout his interpretation. But Professor Ira B. Cross, of Stanford University, has been brave—he has given a consideration of "Essentials of Socialism" that shall be suitable for a text for the class room, and as an outline for study and reading by those who would define and pass judgment upon the subject. He has been quite successful, too, in burying his personal opinions, though occasionally these gleam through the statement of facts. The book is arranged in conveniently short chapters, the paragraphs clearly headed by black-capped indications of subject matter, and the whole is well presented. Having stated in brief the main contentions for and against each proposition a long list of authorities from which the brief has been drawn up is submitted for original research. Omitting the usual dry historical features, further than to date the shaping of Marxian or scientific socialism, from the issuance of the "Communist Manifesto" in 1848, and to note the introduction of socialism into the United States in 1876, and a few of the milestones in the development of the idea, the discussion is of contributions of the various leaders. Prof. Cross wisely refrains from an absolute definition of socialism; he tells rather of the various kinds of socialism and draws therefrom a few general principles. He considers the "Socialist Indictment of Capitalism" and appears to think the paragraphs of the complaint just; although in closing his outline he says, "Capitalism is not tottering on its last legs, as many socialists claim; it is still very strong and active, and its end is not yet in sight," and reproves socialists for their lack of insight into conditions. He discusses crises, the right of labor to the full product, concentration of industry and centralization of wealth, the theory of increasing misery, public or government ownership, trade unionism and the possibilities of the socialist state. There are numerous propositions to call forth discussion in class. Mr. Cross names among those to whom he owes thanks for aid Professors A. S. Johnson, H. A. Millis and Dr. Burt Estes Howard, formerly of this city. Clear and concise in outline it is an invaluable text book. ("Essentials of Socialism." By Prof. Ira B. Cross. The Macmillan Co.)

## Notes From Bookland

Alice MacGowan Cooke went to New York for three months of New York life, and after three weeks of it succumbed to her longing for Carmel-by-the-Sea, and departed. Her two children are to appear this year in the June festival that the Forest Players give, and Mrs. Cooke will reach Carmel in time to aid in rehearsals and the like. George Sterling, another Carmelite, who feels like an American expatriate when he is outside of California, existed—barely—on Long Island for six months, commuted into town four or five times a week, tried to write, cursed the effete East and its crushing effect on direct inspiration, and fled back to Carmel. Michael Williams likewise, after ten months of separation from Carmel-by-the-Sea, gave up the struggle and shook the eastern dust from his feet.

Sir James Murray is pushing on the vast undertaking of his Oxford dictionary of the English language. What might Dr. Johnson think of that enterprise—perhaps the greatest of its kind? Its latest addition is a double section

which takes us as far as "Thyze," the last word in volume nine. One more full volume will take us to Z, and by the time it is ready the volume on S words will no doubt have been finished by Drs. Bradley and Craigie. This completion of volume nine contains 164 pages (13½ by 10½) and is published at 5 shillings. It contains all the words in "th," numbering 4,069. Of these 3,600 are illustrated by quotations to the number in all of 20,133. The familiar word "throw" and its offspring occupy twenty columns of the part; "that" and its family take thirteen columns and "the" eleven. Down to date the dictionary has dealt with 309,371 words and 1,319,585 quotations. Great heavens! And the average man can get through life with a vocabulary of 1,500 words or less!

Will Irwin, whose European tour has been a matter of planning and replanning for a weary time, sailed two weeks ago for the general tour. This summer he will join Louise Closer Hale and Walter Hale, who are motoring over the continent. Clayton Hamilton, college professor, dramatic critic, essayist and author of the latest Stevenson's "Life," has sailed also, for Spain.

Provincetown, Mass., is already crowded with its summer literary group, whose honored "skipper" is Viola Roseboro', right-hand man at the McClure offices. A close second is Mary Heaton Vorse—by recent marriage Mrs. Joseph O'Brien—who lives at Kibbecooke's house, the ancient and honorable home of a piratical captain whose bloody oaths still haunt his old abode, so the story goes for the benefit of the credulous, and who stamps through the place at various hours of various nights, relieving his haunted soul of its weight of woe. Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien have just returned to Provincetown for a belated wedding trip to Mr. O'Brien's old home, a Virginia farm so close to the famous scenes of the Allen feud and raids that the O'Briens took delighted occasion to go off into the mountains for first-hand details of the recent unpleasantness at the Virginia courthouse, all of which is to figure later as "material" in serious articles or in fiction based on fact! Here at Provincetown, also, are Wilbur Steele, who is doing rather remarkable fiction for the magazines lately; Charles Hawthorne, artist; Arthur Hutchins, artist, and Arthur Bullard, traveler, artist and author.

Friends and admirers of Thomas Hughes have just kept green his memory by taking a pleasant trip through the beloved Tom Brown country—all that characteristic piece of England which lies about Uffington and which in "Tom Brown's School Days" and its sequel lies as a background to the record. Hughes dearly loved the district and tenderly he described it. Perhaps you remember the Blowing Stone, where Wayland Smith had his cave, and where the great White Horse is cut in the side of a hill. Chesterton knows the places well and is constantly bringing them into his discourses. He did not make one of the party which recently did honor to Hughes' memory, but many distinguished people, including Miss Hughes and the present master of Rugby, were of it. One of the finest traits of Englishmen is their good custom of reverencing their great ones by means of social pilgrimages.

There is to be a Dickens yearbook issued soon by A. C. McClurg & Co. At first sight there is nothing in this statement to excite one. Yearbooks, as a rule, are extremely prosaic in their insistent reminder that there are 365 days to most years and in their determination to provide one with 365 "Golden Thoughts" or morsels of "Daily Food." But Dickens, as every true Dickensite knows, was no moralist. When he grew serious he grew mawkish. Which has made it awkward for the zealous compilers of books of extracts. But this small booklet, compiled by Lois E. Prentiss of Chicago, promises something better than usual.

It disavows any desire to uplift or reform any reader; its only intention is to amuse, through bringing one close to the real Dickens. The book will be attractively bound and illustrated and will take one into various remote and comparatively unexplored corners in the huge Dickens gallery of humor.

"Love's Pilgrimage" has been published in England. The Athanaeum says: "Mr. Upton Sinclair's new novel, although greatly superior to the average run of modern fiction, is far from being as good as it ought to be and might have been. . . . Two qualities in the book touch greatness: a ruthless sincerity and a full realization of the burdens and the exhaustion that oppress the domesticated woman. Never has a truer picture been given of what existence on an inadequate weekly income means to the wife and mother who 'keeps house' single-handed. Clearly the eyes of the American man are opening to a spectacle which has passed unseen before the eyes of men for generations. When, however, Mr. Sinclair shows us the overburdened young wife reaching out unconsciously and instinctively for a second man to bear her away from conditions into which she is sinking, his observation may be questioned. The modern woman's theory of emancipation is increasingly economic; not by way of clinging to a fresh man, but by way of earning a livelihood for herself. Mr. Barrie's 'Twelve-Pound Look' is typical of her. When all exceptions have been made, however, 'Love's Pilgrimage' remains a fine attempt, and Mr. Sinclair has raised his already high literary position by making it."

Writing to the Chicago Post a correspondent saks: "In what novel of Dostoevsky's is there a conversation between Christ and the pope of Rome?" Reply is made that it is in "Karamazov Brothers." Christ has returned and is in Seville, where He has witnessed the burning of several hundred heretics. He is seized and cast into prison by order of the grand inquisitor (not the pope), who in a long speech refers to all the mistakes Christ made during His first stay here on earth; furthermore, His second coming stirred up the masses and disturbed the peace of the church, wherefore he, the grand inquisitor, has given orders to have Christ burned the next day.

## Accidents Unnecessary

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

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May 20, 1912.

Notice is hereby given that John D. Heron, of Topanga, Cal., who, on December 2, 1905, made Homestead Entry No. 10950, Ser. No. 03736, for SE¼NW¼, SW¼NE¼, NW¼SE¼, NE¼SW¼, Section 11, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 1st day of July, 1912, at 10 o'clock a.m. Claimant names as witnesses:

James A. Craig, Frederick H. Post, John L. Wood, William P. Gibbon, all of Topanga, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.



# Stocks & Bonds

Associated and Amalgamated have been the principal performers this week in an exchange market that has turned up several incidents of more than ordinary interest. The first named security, after skyscraping up three points Monday morning, went to pieces again the same afternoon, here as well as in San Francisco. The unexpected rise was due to a newspaper interview in which President Sproule, just home from a visit in New York, made public announcement of a dividend payment at last to be disbursed by August 1. Evidently, speculators, who so often have been fooled with a similar story, this time shied from the good news and at this writing Associated is again selling close to its recently low price of about 45%.

Amalgamated, after reaching 76, from 60, without a stop, had the best part of \$3 a share clipped from its market value Wednesday, due to an immense selling order from the east. The market stood the shock pretty well, all things considered. Others of the better grade of petroleum which have been showing signs of improvement have been Central, at about 150 bid, and Columbia at about 115. American Petroleum common, with a dividend of \$1 a share a quarter, announced payable July 1, has been slipping somewhat since the last report. Evidently, Exchange Alley has been expecting the disbursement would be more impressive. The preferred is to be placed upon a six per cent per annum basis. The Unions average steady at about 98%. The cheaper oils are not doing a great deal. Rice Ranch is better than 130, and Western Union is again showing signs of activity.

In the bank list Security is at about 470, a gain of more than \$23 a share for the month. All Night and Day is at about 200, and Citizens National is close to 260. German American Savings is ruling softer, ex rights. All of the issues named will be ex dividend payable July 1. First National and F. & M. National are quiet.

Industrial stocks are easy. L. A. Home preferred not having responded to rate action at the city hall, contrary to expectations. This despite the fact that the new schedules allowed by the city council this week will add to the company's income about one per cent per annum applicable to dividend disbursements. The Edisons are firm.

Bonds continue active in spots, with particular issues wanted at times. The Homes of all descriptions are about the best things in this line of securities.

Among the unlisted issues, American Oilfields, especially the bonds, find a ready market at times. Consolidated and others of the building stocks also are favorites with certain traders. The first named is not altogether reliable when it comes to alleged inside quotations in the trading either way.

Mining stocks are not wanted for the time, although much better things still are being predicted for the better known shares in this market.

There is no sign of a change in money conditions or in borrowing rates.

## Banks and Banking

It is probable that the banks of this city will keep one department open Saturday afternoons, so that clerks and other workers may have their weekly checks cashed. The city coun-

cil has made such a request to the various banking institutions.

Los Angeles' postal savings bank is among the ten leaders in the federal institutions, with deposits of \$255,461.

President O. J. Monnette of the Citizens Trust & Savings Bank has made an offer to the board of education to install the Toledo system of savings for children in the local schools.


Merchants' National Bank has organized the Merchants' Fireproof Building Company, for the erection of its bank and office building at the northeast corner of Sixth and Spring.

All Night and Day Bank has increased its capital to \$500,000, and an increase of 2500 shares has been authorized to be sold only to present stockholders of the concern.

Two hundred shares of Security Trust and Savings Bank stock brought approximately \$100,000 in a single stock deal last Friday. The trade was engineered by James H. Blagge.

New York banks have thus far declined to furnish the Pujo committee, appointed by the house to investigate the so-called Money Trust, with the data relating to their operations asked for two months ago. When the eight large sheets of the questions were received by the banks, an accompanying note requested that the information be filled in and returned to the committee by the middle of May. Many of the banks took the matter up with their counsel and were advised to ignore the request on the ground that the national banking laws forbade them to make the details of their business public. A few days ago Congressman Pujo sent a peremptory letter asking the banks to tell him what they proposed to do in the matter. It is said that only three institutions have supplied the data requested. Two of these are trust companies and the third a state bank. At least two of the national banks in Wall Street have sent polite but none the less firm refusals to disclose matters which they regard as their customers' private affairs. Mr. Pujo was told that the controller of the currency had most of the information requested, and he was referred to that official for an answer to his questions. A majority of the bankers, however, have not flatly refused to return the desired information, but have ignored both requests from Mr. Pujo. Some of them are willing to comply if the question of their right to do so is cleared up. An officer of one of the largest Wall Street banks said on his return from a meeting of bankers from various parts of the country, that few of the men he had talked with felt that the house committee was within its rights in asking for the names of borrowers with the amount of their loans, the nature of the collateral and other information usually regarded as strictly confidential. A few of the bankers had sent in their blanks, but without itemizing the information as requested.

Statistics made public by Postmaster General Hitchcock show that \$7,035,545, or a trifle more than two-thirds of the postal savings deposits in the country, have been made in thirty-three cities having a population of 150,000 or more each. New York and Chi-



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---

## Santa Fe

cago, which rank first and second in population, occupy the same rank in total postal deposits. The ten leading offices, with the amount on deposit at each, are: New York, \$976,749; Chicago, \$951,662; Portland, Ore., \$436,165; \$436,165; St. Paul, \$411,926; San Francisco, \$395,904; Cincinnati, \$367,622; Brooklyn, \$348,190; Boston, \$322,824; Kansas City, \$300,717, and Los Angeles, \$255,461.

## Bond and Stock Briefs

Sealed bids will be received up to 7:30 p. m., July 1, for Huntington Beach's Municipal Wharf Bonds, 200 in number, of \$250 each, bearing 5 1/2%.

Orange County will hold an election in July to vote on an issue of \$100,000 for new bridges, culverts, etc., and \$50,000 for county farm and hospital.

Bids received for the purchase of the \$43,000 incinerator and sewer bonds of Venice, have been rejected, and the bonds are readvertised. Bids will be received up to 7:30 p. m., July 8.

Long Beach will soon vote on an issue of \$70,000 for docking facilities, laying railroad tracks in the industrial district, etc.

Lordsburg has voted \$36,000 for new roads, repairs, etc.

Santa Ana will vote July 20 on the question of issuing \$100,000 bridge bonds and \$60,000 almshouse, poor farm and county hospital bonds.

Large purchases of Atchison last week have been credited to a capitalist who is a director in that road as well as in the Reading Company. It is recalled that Wall Street a few months ago was discussing with interest the prediction by this same capitalist that 1912 would witness great expansion in the steel trade, a prediction which has already come true.

Management of the Chicago & Alton, which has just arranged for the

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sale of \$4,500,000 of an authorized issue of \$20,000,000 of 6 per cent bonds, expects to invest the proceeds in such a way that the money will not only earn its own carrying charge, but that of previous expenditures, which are not bringing the desired returns. It is planned to use the \$4,500,000 for new second-track and extensions to the terminal facilities at Chicago, Kansas City, and St. Louis, which will greatly increase the road's facilities for handling business all along the line. The Alton management ascribes the congestion which has occurred at these points as the reason for the excessively high operating costs, and it is believed that the addition of a second track, where needed, will enable the company to handle much more traffic with a relatively small increase in expenses.

Coronado will vote June 26 on the question of issuing \$80,000 for school buildings.



1912 JUNE 1912

Sun	Mo	Tu	W'd	Th	Fri	Sat
						15
16	17	18	19	20		
	24	25		27	28	29

Additional dates during July, August and September.

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<b>COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK</b> 401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth	W. A. BONYNGE, President. NEWMAN, ESSICK, Cashier. Capital, \$200,000. Surplus & Undivided Profits, \$60,000.
<b>FARMERS &amp; MERCHANTS NAT. BANK</b> Corner Fourth and Main	I. W. HELLMAN, President. V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000. Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.
<b>FIRST NATIONAL BANK</b> S. E. Cor. Second and Spring	J. M. ELLIOTT, President. W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier. Capital Stock, \$1,250,000. Surplus and Profits, \$1,625,000.
<b>MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK</b> S. E. Cor. Third and Spring	W. H. HOLLIDAY, President. J. E. RAMBOZ, Cashier. Capital, \$200,000. Surplus and Profits, \$800,000.
<b>NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA</b> N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring	J. E. FISHBURN, President. H. S. MCKEE, Cashier. Capital, \$500,000.00. Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000.
<b>NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE</b> IN LOS ANGELES N. E. Cor. Second and Main	F. M. DOUGLAS, President. H. J. STAVE, Cashier. Capital, \$300,000. Surplus, \$25,000.

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## Illustrating a few of Bullock's

## Beautiful New Summer Frocks

—Just a very few of them—Two at \$15.00, Two at \$19.50, Two at \$25.00. Note how elaborate and pretty even those at \$15.00 are. And these are only a few—merely to illustrate the greatness of the collection on the second floor.

—*There are Linen Dresses* and Dresses of Ratine and Lingerie—those of Linen in charming shades of Buff, Brown, Tan, Lavender, Blue, Pink—as well as natural and Pure White—Skirts of *Linen Dresses* for as little as \$15—plain tailored in exquisitely becoming styles—others at \$19.50—and Fancy effects at \$25.00.

—*Ratine Dresses* are here in a wonderful variety of textures and colorings. Openwork effects, whipcords, Bran-ratines in natural, blue, lavender, pink, buff and other shades—and others plain white.

—There are *Tailored Frocks* of *Ratine* and fancily trimmed dresses finished with Princess lace—cord embroidery and linen lace for afternoon.

—There are *Lingerie Dresses* galore, in a very special exhibit, the most approved summer modes of fashion—a remarkably complete display—variety and values to arouse the enthusiasm of every woman. Second floor.

**Bullock's**  
Broadway at Seventh